Spirit of the Times

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. will look sharp after a letter to his address, mailed in New York the 11th inst. It is somewhat prosy, no doubt, but must suffice in lieu of a little *private* chat, which we desire of all things to hold with him.

J. S., with his remittance, came safely.

Our thanks are due to some unknown friend for a very clever and interesting article referring to the British stage, which shall appear next week. The article would not probably have met our eye, but for his kindness.

W. C.'s favor has reached us. Our correspondents give us no exercise but in the way of thanks, to a liberal allowance of which W. C. is entitled. His suggestion as to iron-mongers shall be regarded.

We are much indebted to Mr. A. H. A. for his very complete report of the Tarboro (N.C.) Races, as well as for further favors.

The gentleman who took the trouble in Sept. last to enclose us an early report of the last Doncaster meeting, may be surprised to learn that the *Republic* arrived at New York on the 13th inst. She must have been compelled to put in somewhere on her passage.

We have not had time to look up the authorities bearing upon the bet proposed for our decision by J. and J. H. At the earliest moment we will do so. By the bye, J. and J. will "open their eyes *tight*," for a letter addressed J. & S. H.

Those of our readers who have been bewailing with tears in their eyes our unwonted stupidity, for the few last weeks; and those correspondents who are complaining of our neglect of their favors, will please learn now, if they have not before guessed it, that our corps editorial is not quite complete. Another week will tell them more of our *hoss*, and our *whereabouts*, than we now care to reveal

The gentleman who, in our last, advertised a bay mare, represented as a fast trotter, is desired to call at this office.

Things Theatrical.

We have only space for the following brief notice of theatrical movements in our present number.

Madame Lecomte.—We have just returned from witnessing the unrivalled performances of this charming artiste, on the occasion of Jones's benefit, and we will not deny, that the more we see of her the better we like her. Her grace is truly wonderful, although many wiseacres declared upon her first appearance, that her claims on this score were but moderate;—they peradventure thinking it impossible that mortal woman should unite to such (in our country) unrivalled power and spirit, the more winning accomplishment of "sweet attractive grace."

On her first appearance before a New York audience, coming, as she did, directly from the Parisian stage, there may have appeared an exuberance of exertion on her part, somewhat unusual to us; and which was increased in the present instance by her consciousness of the necessity of making every effort to surpass the formidable competitors who had immediately preceded her. But this excess of action, if so it may be called, has been abated in her realization of her hoped-for triumphs. She now comes forward as an established favorite, secure of her conquests, and confidant of her ability to win and woo all hearts and hands. Timidity no longer robs her of her ease, and her smile is sweeter as it becomes more familiar. But her gracefulness is the theme upon which we would now harp, had we the time—the surpassing gracefulness with which she executes pirouettes and balances of unimaginable difficulty.

Those who judge of this lady from a vulgar little print which we find posted in our barber's shop and elsewhere, are beside themselves if they suppose it gives them any idea of Madame Lecomte. That print looks to us regularly rowdie, and her friends should have it suppressed. An odd idea, indeed, does it give of one who is all life, and grace, and beauty—throwing her into an attitude which tires the *observer* more in one minute, than do Madame Lecomte's light and airy movements for a full half hour *herself*. Then, too, the print is immodest, and every lady who has seen Lecomte will testify how entirely false it is in conveying any such idea.

Miss Clifton plays in Philadelphia next week, and leaves immediately thereafter for New Orleans. She took leave of her New York friends last evening, when she peformed Belvidera, in Otway's tragedy of Venice Preserved. We commend her warmly to the courtesy of our Southern friends.

Mrs. Shaw, who made a very favorable impression here a year ago in the Youthful Queen, and such parts, appears again at the Park to-night Success to her.

Forrest was entertained yesterday at a dinner given in his honor by his Philadelphia friends and admirers. A large number of the worthiest and wealthiest denizens of the Quaker city were present, and nothing was left undone to mark the high sense they entertained of the professional and personal merits of their favorite tragedian. We are not in possession of a sufficiently succinct account of the proceedings, or we should endeavor to find room for it in our columns.

Vandenhoff has been carrying all before him at Boston. It is impossible to imagine a more favorable reception than the one he met with from our Eastern friends.

Booth has been performing lately at Philadelphia, and with his usual success.

We cut the following paragraph from one of our exchange papers; we congratulate "Old Sol" on so enviable an acquisition of the metallic currency :—

The St. Louis folks can still manage to pay specie even for their theatre tickets; and in consequence of that favorable circumstance the managers of the playhouse, (Ludlow & Smith,) lately returned to Mobile, offer some few thousands of silver dollars for sale in the latter city, where, heaven knows, they are most wonderfully in demand.

The City Theatre, Louisville, is now under the management of David Ingersoll & Co., who have not only engaged an excellent company, but have made many judicious improvements in the interior arrangement of the house.

We should have announced before, and we crave pardon for the omission, that Mr. J. M. Field and Miss Riddle, late of the Philadelphia theatres, were bound together in holy matrimony, a few weeks since, at St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jones closed their engagement at Boston on the 13th. The following paragraph appeared in the Gazette of the 9th :—

We understand that owing to the stormy night of Friday last, and the general desire to witness a repetition of Bianca Fazio by Mrs. George Jones, the proprietor of the National theatre has generously tendered the use of his establishment for the benefit of that lady on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 13th. Mr. G. Jones will appear as Fazio, and in a favorite comedy. It being the last appearance this season of these artistes, who have nightly won golden opinions, we feel assured that their farewell will be a generous one.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Signor Gambati, have been giving concerts at Pittsburgh.

The following members of the profession have taken up their winter quarters at New Orleans:—Hackett, Barrett, Pearson, Hunt, Yankee Kelly, and Fielding. Many other arrivals were daily expected, and the prospects of a gay season were more than commonly flattering.

The Ruling Passion.—R——, who in his earlier days had been the hero of a barn, was for some years playing an humble line of business at the Liverpool theatre; his dignity was hurt, but the salary was consolatory. On the night that Palmer had expired on the stage, R—— was smoking a pipe in an adjoining tavern. One of the performers suddenly rushed in, pale and agitated, exclaiming "John Palmer has dropped down dead in the third act!" "Aha!" said Mr. R——, after a pause of surprise, "and who have they sent for to finish the part?"

Light Guitar.—The Baltimore Transcript has a new joke in these words. The property boy of the theatre called at a music store to borrow a guitar, when the proprietor handed him a black one. "I want a light-colored one," said the boy, "for the lady's got to sing the light guitar to-night."

"VELASCO."

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

——, Dec. 6, 1837.

Sir,—It afforded me much pleasure to learn, through your columns, the success gained by Mr. Sargent's new tragedy of "Velasco." The author's judgment is most happily displayed in his choice of the time and scene of his drama: for Spain, during Ferdinand's struggles to dispossess the Moors of the fairest portion of the land, was the chosen clime of romance; "priest and layman, lover and monk," were alike animated by chivalrous ardor, and moved on, side by side, to "deeds of high emprise." This choice, beside its intrinsic merits, has the additional attraction of not being hackneyed; for, strange to say, a field so rich in dramatic resources, has been more neglected by dramatic writers than by those of any other class. But, granting to Velasco all the merits ascribed to it by your Boston correspondent, some leading features of the plot want originality, and the reader of French Tragedy cannot fail to be struck by the resemblance they bear to "The Cid" of the great Corneille.

The writer who describes "Velasco" says, "a quarrel arises between De Lerma, the father of Velasco, and Gonzalez," father of the heroine; "the latter strikes the former, who resents the blow, but is disarmed. The insulted De Lerma seeks his son, and exacts of him an oath to avenge the injury, after which he informs Velasco that the culprit is the father of his affianced bride. The hero, however, adheres to his oath: he meets and kills Gonzalez, who in dying commits his dagger to Isidora, and compels her to swear to avenge him."

In "The Cid," a quarrel arises between Don Diego, father of Rodriguez, and Don Gomez, father of Ximena; the latter insults the former by a blow; they fight, and Don Diego is disarmed. He repairs to his son, calling on him to avenge the honor which his own arm, enfeebled by age, can no longer maintain. After a struggle between his honor and duty and his love, Rodriguez obeys,—defies Don Gomez to mortal combat, and kills him. Ximena hastens to the king to demand vengeance, yet dreads to obtain it; "her father's blood wrote her duty on the dust," but "her love combats her resentment."

The author of "Velasco" may never have read "The Cid" with attention, (as a literary man it can hardly be supposed that he has not at some time read it,) and he may not be aware of this similarity. For the praises bestowed by the writer in the "Spirit of the Times" on the sentiments, language, and dramatic situations of "Velasco," no better assurance of their correctness can be required than the approval of a Boston audience.

Mr. Sargent has now produced two successful plays, under the auspices of the two most distinguished actresses of the day; he must therefore be placed among the foremost in the slowly increasing list of American dramatists, and all friends to the native drama will desire his success.

The old world has, step by step, been compelled to acknowledge that America can produce authors in almost every branch of literature, not unworthy to cope with her own distinguished children. Our actors have won the applause of those who have beheld Siddons, Kemble, and their talented successors. our dramatists are last in the field; let us hope they are not long destined to be the least; and it is to be desired that, as our other writers (with one or two exceptions) cannot be accused of borrowing assistance from their predecessors "over the water," there may be no ground afforded for the supposition that our dramatists are compelled to seek it.

A. B.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

One of the dullest melodramas that ever exhausted the patience of a well-disposed audience, was produced at Covent Garden on Thursday. It would be foolish to attempt to describe the incidents, or rather the lack of them, in this long and tedious piece. The eagerly-wished-for catastrophe was the shooting of a bad man, who had put on a good man's coat, in the hope of being enabled to meddle with more of his *property*. This piece of poetical justice has been so often seen upon the stage, that we fear the genius who introduced it has long since lost the credit he might have claimed for his invention. The language was correct, and unambitious; but we scarcely know whether the absence of bombast in a piece of this description is a merit or not. A small portion of wit goes a great way in a melodrama. Jokes shine amidst the horrors of the scene like forked lightning in a gloomy night. This startling effect was produced by Mr. Meadows telling a companion to "come in the dark—and be enlightened;" and again, when Mr. Bartley said to an adversary, "You may run me through with your sword—that is, if it's long enough."

The surprise and disappointment we feel at the inferior quality of the pieces Mr. Macready has presented to the public at the commencement of his managerial career, is greatly increased by our recollection of the acumen he formerly evinced in preparing for the stage several excellent tragedies, which had been rejected or overlooked by the usual dramatic authorities. On the other hand, the deference this gentleman has shown to impartial criticism in withdrawing *The Novice*, adds to the pleasure we feel in saying, that notwithstanding the failures it has been our critical duty to record, in the contest between the two great Winter houses, Covent Garden has at present the advantage; though, when each theatre shall be joined by the performers stated to be engaged, the disproportion between the companies in point of talent will be less than we anticipated. That is, provided the expectations entertained of Mr. Kean and Mr. Ternan's success should be realized. The higher branches of the comic department are exceedingly deficient in male performers at both theatres. Their musical ability seems to be pretty equally balanced. If Covent Garden obtain the preference in some of its principals, Drury Lane has the advantage of the more powerful band and chorus. The managers of the latter theatre showed much discretion in selecting Macbeth and Pizarro, with a view to add the attraction of their musical corps to that of their tragic performers.

In the power of concentrating its strength to give completeness to any individual performance, Covent Garden is superior to its rival. A proof of this was afforded in the acting of Othello; which, independently of the great talent shown in the chief characters, was in all its minor parts supported with a degree of excellence we have long been unaccustomed to witness. The high-bred characters in the Provoked Husband being of a grave cast, and sustained by Messrs. Macready and Warde, that comedy was admirably performed; as there was no drawback in the representation of the comic parts, which are within the compass of Messrs. Bartley, Meadows, and Hammond. Miss Faucit, though somewhat constrained and affected in the lighter scenes of Lady Townly, was more at home in the character than we expected to find her. Why did not Mr. Vining play the Count? In the absence of Mr. Warde, Mr. Pritchard might perform Manley with propriety; but his attributes are too sturdy to admit of his being successful in enacting the *petit maitre*.

The revival of some ballad operas has afforded a pleasing variety to the entertainments at this house; but we are sorry to see they are likely to be superseded by the production of melodramas and *grand* operas. We were in hopes that Mr. Macready would have tried whether a liberal and judicious expenditure of capital in perfecting the representation of the legitimate drama would not insure the success of his speculation, before he resorted to those "monstrous medleys," that, as old Cibber says, "have so long infested the stage, and which arose alternately at both houses, outvying in expense, like contending bribes on both sides at an election, to secure a majority of the multitude." Our political economy forbids entire acquiescence in Cibber's conclusions; but we shall finish the quotation: "Truth may complain, and merit murmur, with what justice it may; the few will never be a match for the many, unless authority shall think fit to interpose, and put down these poetical drams, these gin-shops of the stage, that intoxicate its auditors and dishonor their understanding."

Haymarket.—The *Love Chase* attracts excellent houses every night, and will doubtless continue to do so till the end of the season. The success of this play proves that perseverance in the course we have recommended to the manager of Covent Garden would make his success certain.

Power, at the Adelphi, attracts crowds to witness his Rory O'More. The contents of the *Pocket-Book* appear to be more valuable than we thought them at first sight; and *The Man with the Nose* is one of those laughable subjects that afford especial delight to the numerous visiters of this popular house.

Haymarket.—A petite comedy, called The Romantic Widow, introduced a new performer to these boards in the person of Ranger, who is an actor of considerable merit, and in the present dearth of light comedians will prove a valuable acquisition to this establishment. The comedy is neatly written, and was received with applause. The Love Chase has been repeated every evening to highly respectable audiences.

Olympic.—Same as per last; but to-morrow a new burletta will be produced, entitled Hugo Bambino. The principal characters will be sustained by the Widow and Farren.

St. James's.—Braham appeared on Monday in the favorite opera of Artaxerxes—he was in excellent voice, and was welcomed to his quarters by one of the best houses of the season. Miss Rainforth was the Mandane, and acquitted herself respectably. A Day in Paris followed, in which Mrs. Stirling and Wright kept the audience in a roar by their very clever personation of Emily Granville and Sam. A new burlesque was also produced, called King John. It is a travestie on Shakspeare's play of that title. We cannot say much in its praise, and we consider that author's works have been burlesqued enough of late at the patent theatres, without being made the subject of ridicule at our minor establishments. Mr. Hall, from the Strand, was the representative of King John—he met with a cordial reception, and did more for the character than it deserved.

Surrey.—Monsieur Gouffe has been the principal attraction of the week at this theatre; he has appeared in a piece called Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape, and, next to Wieland, may be considered the best monkey on the stage.

Mrs. Honey and Mr. Cockerton opened the City of London Theatre on Monday last, with a variety of novelties and a very good company. Mrs. Honey was prevented making her appearance from indisposition.

Miss Desborough opened the Queen's on the same evening. We cannot say much for her *corps dramatique*—we should be ashamed "to march through Coventry with them." We perceive she is working double tides, as she plays three nights a week at Richmond.

John Reeve is about to leave town for Devonshire, where he has been ordered to go by his physician. We begin to despair of ever seeing him on the stage again.

Mrs. Ternan, late Miss Jarman, has been added to the Drury Lane company. She appeared as Cora on Monday, and was most cordially received. Mr. Ternan, an actor of provincial celebrity, will make his *debut* on Wednesday as Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice.

The first Masquerade of the season will take place at the Lowther Rooms to-morrow, on a scale of splendor surpassing those of former years.

Warde's, or rather Hamlet's Theatre, cannot be opened for the next twelve months, the magistrates having refused to license it.

Opera Buffa.—The season will commence early in November. The conductor has made some new engagements, in addition to those which gave such general satisfaction last year. He has been exceedingly active, and it is to be hoped his exertions will be crowned with success.

Mackay, the best representative of Scottish character on the stage, has been playing with astonishing success in his late annual visit to Liverpool, and has besides proved himself a first-rate general actor. His friends in that city have presented him with a valuable gold snuff-box as a tribute to his professional talents and private worth; and he is now retired to his winter-quarters in Edinburgh, covered with laurels fairly won.

Rooke's opera is in active rehearsal at Covent Garden theatre; of the music, of which the singers speak in the highest terms, several of the concerted pieces are after the style of Storace's finales, who never forgot that the soul of music was melody.

Balfe's new opera at Drury Lane is in preparation, the libretto of which is founded on the exploits of Joan of Arc; which will afford scope for some splendid and extraordinary scenery.

The proprietor of one of the unlicensed theatres in the purlieus of Westminster has christened his concern "The Dominion of Fancy." The charge for admission to the "Dominion" (perhaps "Domain" is meant) is 2d., but on no account "unless *sootably* attired."

The Princess Amelia of Saxony has just finished another comedy, entitled Cousin Henri, which has obtained great success at Dresden.

Mr. Paumier, who appeared at Drury Lane last year, has been playing with much success at Leicester, Bristol, and other provincial theatres. On Monday he made his bow to a Bury audience in the part of Hamlet. The Suffolk Herald, in speaking of this gentleman, says, "We have derived considerable pleasure from Mr. Paumier's representation, which, if it wanted occasionally in power, was thoroughly marked by a very chastened judgment, and evinced careful study and good conception. Upon the whole it was a performance of great merit."

New Theatres.—On Thursday licenses were granted to Mr. J. Gibson, for the Royal Standard Theatre, in High street, Shoreditch; and to Mr. John Loveridge, for the West London Theatre, in Little Church-street, Portman-market. A license was also granted to Mr. Thos. Wetherell, for the Royal Kent Theatre, at Kensington.

The Strand Theatre, London, closed for the season on the 15th of Oct. The final performance was the "Pickwick Club," when the following address to the patrons of the house was delivered in characteristic style by *Mr. Samuel Weller* :—

"Ladies and Gen'l'men,—The time for shutting up our house having come at last, I hopes you'll just allow *Sam Veller* to say a few vords on behalf of the Governor. Ve don't part vith you because ve vishes it, or because ve likes it, but because ve can't help it—as the folks said ven they fell out o' the balloon. The fact is, (and it's no use a-mincing the matter,) ever since ve commenced our *Pickwickian Peregrinations*, and I've bin in my present sitivation, you've bin sich werry constant visitors, encouraging all our efforts to amuse you, and never goin' avay vithout remembering our perquisites, that no vonder ve found it too pleasant to last long—as the laughing gas said ven it evaporated. To be sure, ve've done all in our power to make things comfortable—as the beadle did ven he put the cobler's legs in the stocks. Our house cert'nly is *ray*-ther small, but then, as the maggot said ven he got into the nut-shell, it's werry snug; and ve're never so happy as ven ve're vaiting on you, as the flies remarked to the grocer; and if von or two of our entertainments have happened to be sp'iled in the dressing, vy ve can only say, as the gen'lman said ven his horse's eye vas out, it varn't our fault, but our misfortin.

"During the time ve shuts up shop, the Governor means to make all sorts of improvements, that you may feel yourselves still more at home; for, like the flower in May, ve hopes to see you all agin next Easter Monday. Of course I needn't say I shall be here to vait on you; for my place has been made so werry agreeable, that all my vork's bin but *play*-ing; and, vatever preferment I may get in a larger house, I shall never for the mere lucre o' gain, forget my old friends here—for, arter all, 'home's home, if it's ever so homely,' as the cricket sung in the chimbly corner. The Governor's already commenced operation; he's engaged two or three favorite cooks to provide the bill o' fare; and in order to prewent breakages, means to follow the advice of the bull in the chaney shop, and look werry sharp arter the *pieces*.

"And now having said these here few vords, I've only to return you all our werry best thanks for your kindness, and to vish you all possible health and prosperity till ve sees you agin—as the telescope said to the comet ven they moved him out of the observatory."

A French "Dear" for the Queen.—"Arrived at the port of Rye, on the 18th inst., the Lucy, from Dieppe, having on board two packages—one containing grapes, and the other a *roe-buck*, presents from Louis Philippe to Queen Victoria. They were immediately forwarded by express to Brighton." We have heard that the Ministers wish the Queen to take unto herself a foreign *dear*, but it would *stag*-ger us to hear that this French *Roebuck* was to be considered typical of a Gallic alliance. We should put on a very *wry* face at such a Ryeimportation.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

Away sped the banker—milestone on milestone glided by—and still, scarce turning a hair, trotted gallantly out the good hackney. But the evening grew darker, and it began to rain; a drizzling, persevering rain, that wets a man through ere he is aware of it. At fifty, a gentleman who has a tender regard for himself, does not like to get wet: and the rain inspired the banker, who was subject to rheumatism, with the resolution to take a short cut along the fields.—There were one or two low hedges by this short way, but the banker had been there in the Spring, and knew every inch of the ground. The hackney leaped easily—and the rider had a tolerably practised seat—and two miles saved might just prevent the menaced rheumatism: accordingly our friend opened a white gate, and scoured along the field without any misgiving as to the prudence of his choice.

He arrived at his first leap—there was the hedge, its summit just discernible in the dim light. On the other side, to the right, was a haystack, and close by this haystack seemed the most eligible place for clearing the obstacle. Now since the banker had visited this place—a deep ditch, that served as a drain, had been dug on the opposite base of the hedge, of which neither horse nor man was aware, so that the leap was far more perilous than was anticipated. Unconscious of this additional obstacle, the rider set off in a canter. The banker was high in air, his loins bent back, his rein slackened, his right hand raised knowingly—when the horse took fright at an object couched by the haystack—swerved, plunged midway into the ditch, and pitched its rider two or three yards over its head. The banker recovered himself sooner than might have been expected—and finding himself, though bruised and shaken, still whole and sound, hastened to his horse. But the poor animal had not fared so well as its master—and its off-shoulder was either put out or dreadfully sprained. It had scrambled its way out of the ditch, and there it stood disconsolate by the hedge as lame as one of the trees that, at irregular intervals, broke the symmetry of the barrier.

On ascertaining the extent of his misfortune, the banker became seriously uneasy; the rain increased—he was several miles yet from home—he was in the midst of houseless fields, with another leap before him—the leap he had just passed behind—and no other egress that he knew of into the main road. While these thoughts passed through his brain he became suddenly aware that he was not alone. The dark object that had frightened his horse rose slowly from the snug corner it had occupied by the haystack, and a gruff voice that made the banker thrill to the marrow of his bones, cried—"Halloa! who the devil are you?"

Lame as his horse was, the banker instantly put his foot into the stirrup: but before he could mount, a heavy gripe was laid on his shoulder—and turning round with as much fierceness as he could assume, he saw what the tone of the voice had already led him to forebode—the ill-omened and cut-throat features of Luke Darvil.

"Ha, ha, my old annuitant, my clever feelosopher—jolly old boy—how are you?—give us a fist. Who would have thought to meet you on a rainy night, by a lone haystack, with a deep ditch on one side, and no chimney-pot within sight? Why, old fellow, I, Luke Darvil—I, the vagabond—I, whom you would have sent to the treadmill for being poor and calling on my own daughter—I am as rich as you are, here—and as great, and as strong, and as powerful!"

And while he spoke, Darvil, who was really an undersized man, seemed to swell and dilate, till he appeared half a head taller than the shrinking banker, who was 5 feet 11 inches without his shoes.

"E—hem," said the rich man, clearing his throat, which seemed to him uncommonly husky: "I do not know whether I insulted your poverty, my dear Mr. Darvil—I hope not; but this is hardly a time for talking—pray let me mount and—"

"Not a time for talking!" interrupted Darvil angrily: "it's just the time, to my mind; let me consider—ay, I told you that whenever we met by the roadside, it would be my turn to have the argufying."

"I dare say—I dare say—my good fellow."

"Fellow not me—I won't be fellowed now; I say I have the best of it here—man to man—I am your match."

"But why quarrel with me?" said the banker coaxingly: "I never meant you harm, and I am sure you cannot mean me harm."

"No!—and why?" asked Darvil coolly—"why do you think I mean you no harm?"

"Because your annuity depends upon me."

"Shrewdly put—we'll argufy that point. My life is a bad one—not worth more than a year's purchase; now, suppose you have more than forty pounds about you—it may be better worth my while to draw my knife across your gullet than to wait for the quarter-day's ten pounds a time. You see it's all a matter of calculation, my *dear* Mr. What's-your-name?"

"But," replied the banker, and his teeth began to chatter. "I have not forty pounds about me."

"How do I know that? You say so. Well, in the town yonder, your word goes for more than mine: I never gainsaid you when you put that to me, did I? But here, by the haystack, my word is better than yours: and if I say you must and shall have forty pounds about you—let's see whether you dare contradict me?"

"Look you, Darvil," said the banker, summoning all his energy and intellect, for his moral power began now to back his physical cowardice, and he spoke calmly, and even bravely, though his heart throbbed aloud against his breast, and you might have knocked him down with a feather, "the London runners are even now hot after you."

"Ha!—you lie!"

"Upon my honor I speak the truth; I heard the news the last evening. They tracked you to C*****—they tracked you out of the town; a word from me would have given you into their hands. I said nothing—you are safe—you may yet escape. I will even help you to fly the country, and live out your natural date of years, secure and in peace."

"You did not say that the other day in the snug drawing-room; you see I have the best of it now—own that."

"I do," said the banker.

Darvil chuckled, and rubbed his hands. The man of wealth felt his importance and went on.

"This is one side of the question. On the other, suppose you rob and murder me; do you think my death will lessen the heat of pursuit against you?—The whole country will be in arms, and, before forty-eight hours are over, you will be hunted down like a mad dog."

Darvil was silent as if in thought; and, after a pause, replied—

"Well, you're a 'cute one, after all. What have you got about you? you know you drove a hard bargain the other day—now it's my market—fustian has riz—kersey has fell.

"All I have about me shall be yours," said the banker, eagerly.

"Give it me then."

"There!" said the banker, placing his purse and pocket-book into Darvil's hands.

"And the watch?"

"The watch—well, there!"

"What's that?"

The banker's senses were sharpened by fear, but they were not so sharp as those of Darvil: he heard nothing but the rain pattering on the leaves, and the rush of water in the ditch at hand. Darvil stooped and listened—till, raising himself again with a deep-drawn breath, he said—

"I think there are rats in the haystack; they will be running over me in my sleep; but they are playful creturs, and I like 'em. And now, my *dear* Sir, I am afraid I must put an end to you!"

"Great God! what do you mean? How!"

"Man there is another world!" quoth the ruffian, mimicking the banker's solemn tone in their former interview. "So much the better for you! In that world they don't tell tales."

"I swear I never will betray you."

"You do; swear it then."

"By all my hopes of earth and heaven!"

"What a d—d coward you be!" said Darvil, laughing scornfully. "Go—you are safe. I am in good humor with myself again. I crow over you, for no man can make *me* tremble. And villain as you think me, while you fear me, you cannot despise me—you respect me. Go, I say—go."

The banker was about to obey, when, suddenly, from the haystack, a broad red light streamed upon the pair, and the next moment Darvil was seized from behind, and struggling in the gripe of a man nearly as powerful as himself. The light, which came from a dark lanthorn, placed on the ground, revealed the forms of a peasant in a smock frock, and two stout built, stalwart men, armed with pistols—besides the one engaged with Darvil.

The whole of this scene was brought as by the trick of the stage—as by a flash of lightning—as by the change of showman's phantasmagoria, before the eyes of the banker. He stood arrested and spell-bound, his hand on his bridle, his foot on his stirrup. A moment more, and Darvil had dashed his antagonist on the ground: he stood at a little distance, his face reddened by the glare of the lanthorn, and fronting his assailants—that fiercest of all beasts, a desperate man at bay.

He had already succeeded in drawing forth his pistols, and he held one in each hand—his eyes flashing from beneath his bent brows, and turning quickly from foe to foe! At last those eyes rested on the late reluctant companion of his solitude.

"So *you* then betrayed me," he said very slowly, and directed his pistol to the head of the dismounted horseman.

"No, no!" cried one of the officers, for such were Darvil's assailants; "fire away in this direction, my hearty—we're paid for it. The gentleman knew nothing at all about it."

"Nothing, by G—d!" cried the banker, startled out of his sanctity.

"Then I shall keep my shot," said Darvil; "and mind, the first who approaches me is a dead man."

It so happened, that the robber and the officers were beyond the distance which allows sure mark for a pistol shot, and each party felt the necessity of caution.

"Your time is up, my swell cove," cried the head of the detachment, "you have had your swing, and a long one it seems to have been—you must now give in. Throw down your barkers, or we must make mutton of you, and rob the gallows."

Darvil did not reply; and the officers accustomed to hold life cheap, moved on towards him—their pistols cocked and levelled—Darvil fired—one of the men staggered and fell. With a kind of instinct, Darvil had singled out the one with whom he had before wrestled for his life. The ruffian waited not for the others, he turned and fled along the fields.

"Zounds, he is off!" cried the other two, and they rushed after him in pursuit. A pause—a shot—another—an oath—a groan—and all was still.

"It's all up with him now!" said one of the runners in the distance; "he dies game."

At these words, the peasant, who had before skulked behind the haystack, seized the lanthorn from the ground, and ran to the spot. The banker involuntarily followed.

There lay Luke Darvil on the grass—still living, but a horrible and ghastly spectacle. One ball had pierced his breast, another had shot away his jaw. His eyes rolled fearfully, and he tore up the grass with his hands. The officers looked coolly on.

"He was a clever fellow!" said one. "And has given us much trouble," said the other: "let's see to Will."

"But he is not dead yet," said the banker, shuddering."

"Sir, he cannot live a minute."

Darvil raised himself bolt upright—shook his clenched fist at his conquerors, and a fearful gurgling howl, which the nature of his wound did not allow him to syllable into a curse, came from his breast—with that he fell flat on his back—a corpse.

Ernest Maltravers.

ALLIGATOR AND WILD BEAST FIGHTS.

In the time of Akbar, beyond the minar a large space was enclosed from the surrounding plain, which stretched to a considerable extent towards the river Jumna; and from the pavilion above, the principal omrahs or nobles of his court used to participate with their royal master in a pastime no less exciting to them than to him.

During my stay in India I have been several times present at exhibitions of this description; but always found that they created feelings of painful disgust rather than of rational pleasure. There is nothing absolutely appalling in beholding fierce animals mangling each other with all that ferocity to which nature has so signally disposed them for those purposes of destruction, as wise as they are benignant, without which the world would be overspread with a savage and indomitable race, and no longer be a secure dwelling place for man. The cruelties frequently practised towards such wretched animals as are taken in order to contribute to those barbarous sports is revolting beyond description; for it never appears to be among the contemplation of persons by whom beasts of prey are snared for the arena, that the infliction of pain upon animals which delight in human blood can be otherwise than a meritorious action; and therefore, in the fiercest spirit of retaliation, it is inflicted without mercy.

Tigers and lions which have been snared in the jungles, are commonly kept without food for several days, and subjected to all kinds of ingenious torment in order to render them the more savage when freed from their cages to encounter an equally formidable and savage enemy. It is a common practice to catch alligators in the large rivers and put them into tanks, with a strong iron wire passed several times round their long muzzles, and so tightened as to keep the jaws close, so that they can receive no solid food. In this state they have been known to live for weeks without perceptibly losing any of their strength. This is often done to render them voracious, preparatory to those exhibitions, which take place upon certain occasions at most of the courts of the Mohammedan Princes in Hindostan.

During my residence in India I once saw, in a small tank, two alligators, the jaws of which had been fastened as just described, for a period, as it was said, of more than two months. They were caught, dragged upon the bank, where, the iron ligatures being cut, they were immediately released, and feeling their freedom, both plunged with equal eagerness into the water. As they had been for some weeks companions in suffering, neither manifested a disposition to commence hostilities, but occupied different parts of the tank, sinking to the bottom, and occasionally thrusting their noses above the surface to take breath. The water did not exceed five feet in depth, so that unless they kept the middle of the tank they might be seen as they lay at the bottom almost immoveable. Though the place was crowded with spectators, the huge reptiles did not appear to be disturbed by so unusual a concourse, and even occasionally bore to be poked with a long pole before they would move from the mud in which they had embedded themselves. At length the carcass of a sheep was thrown into the water just above where the smallest alligator lay. The voracious creature immediately rose and seized it; which it had no sooner done than its companion appeared on the surface, and with the swiftness of a shaft rushed towards its rival to participate in the tempting banquet, the turbid element dividing before it as if ploughed with the keel of a ship. In a moment both sank, and for some time the water was much disturbed, the black mud rising in considerable quantities, and an occasional splashing sufficiently attested the severity of the struggle that was taking place below.

After a while one of the combatants appeared with a portion of the sheep in its jaws, which, having devoured, it again sank, and the struggle was evidently renewed. In a short time the water was strongly tinged with blood, the mud continued to rise, and the splashing increased. The anxiety of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, when both competitors rose at different parts of the tank as if the contest had been terminated by mutual consent. The smaller alligator had a frightful gash in its throat, and the fore leg of the larger seemed extensively lacerated. They both tinged the water as they swam; nevertheless, their wounds did not appear to cause either of them much suffering or inconvenience. They did not attempt further hostility. The carcass of a second sheep, in a tempting state of decomposition—for these creatures prefer putrid carrion to any other—was thrown into the tank, and the struggle for supremacy renewed. It, however did not last so long as the former; each having obtained a share of the prey, which divided at the slightest touch, the contest soon subsided, and both rose once more to the surface without any further appearance of injury. Their bodies appeared less lank; it was therefore evident that each had received a portion of the two carcasses thrown between them, like the apple of discord in classic story.

On the following day, the alligators, which had already contributed to the sport of a numerous assemblage of unpitying spectators, were caught for the purpose of opposing them to foes of a different species from any they had been accustomed to encounter. They were brought into a large enclosure, within which was a cage containing a fine leopard. The gash in the throat of the smaller alligator had, it was now sufficiently apparent, greatly weakened it. The animal appeared apathetic, and did not promise much diversion to the anxious beholders.

The creatures were removed from the tank to the arena on a platform raised upon wheels and drawn by three bullocks. When rolled from the carriage both appeared almost inert, and especially the smaller one, which every now and then opened its huge mouth and gasped, manifestly suffering from the conflict of the preceding day. The leopard, as soon as it saw them, crouched upon its belly, as if conscious what it was about to be called upon to perform; when, however, the door of the cage was opened, which was done by a man in a sort of gallery above by means of a cord attached to the upper bar, the animal did not seem disposed to try the issue of a combat with antagonists at all times formidable, and in their own element invincible. A pole being at length introduced, the leopard was irritated by being severely poked; and, with a sudden spring, bounded into the enclosure.

The alligators appeared to look upon the scene with perfect indifference, remaining all but motionless on the spot where they had been cast from the platform. Their tails were occasionally seen to vibrate slightly, and especially when their brindled enemy appeared before them in a threatening attitude of attack. The leopard paused for some time with its head upon its paws, waving its tail to and fro, the fur being erected and the ears depressed, as if anxious but fearful to begin the encounter. At length, two or three crackers being flung just behind it, these had no sooner exploded than the terrified and enraged animal darted forward, and springing upon the nearest alligator, turned it over in an instant, and burying its fangs in the throat of its victim, almost immediately dispatched it, the helpless reptile appearing not to offer the slightest resistance. Finding that it had so easily vanquished its weakest enemy, the leopard, excited by the taste of blood, having been kept without food for the three previous days, sprang upon its surviving foe, but with a very different result. The alligator, suddenly shifting its head, the brindled champion missed its spring; when the roused foe meeting it as it turned, made a sudden snap at its head, which it took entire within its capacious jaws, and crushed so severely that, when released, the leopard rolled over and died after a few struggles. The victor was now attacked by a man armed with a long spear, with which he dispatched it after a feeble resistance. Thus ended the pastime.

Upon another occasion I witnessed at one of these exhibitions, a contest between a buffalo and a tiger. The buffalo was extremely fierce, and one of the largest of its kind I had ever seen. It commenced the attack by rushing towards its adversary, which retreated to the corner of the arena, where, finding no escape, it sprang upon the buffalo's neck, fixing its claws in the animal's shoulder and lacerating it in a very frightful manner. It was, however, almost instantly flung upon the earth with a violence that completely stunned it, when there appeared a ghastly wound in the belly, inflicted by its antagonist's horn, from which the bowels protruded. The conqueror now began to gore and trample upon its prostrate enemy, which it soon dispatched, and then galloped round the enclosure streaming with blood, the foam dropping from its jaws, its eyes glancing fire, occasionally stopping, pawing the ground, and roaring with maddened fury.

A small rhinoceros was next introduced, which stood at the extremity of the arena, eyeing its foe with an oblique but animated glance, though without the slightest appearance of excitement. The buffalo having described a circuit from the centre of the ground, plunged forward toward the rhinoceros, with its head to the earth, its eyes appearing as if about to start from their sockets. Its wary antagonist turned to avoid the shock of this furious charge, and just grazed the flank of the buffalo with its horn, ploughing up the skin, but doing no serious mischief. It now champed and snorted like a wild hog, and its eyes began to twinkle with evident expressions of anger. The buffalo repeated the charge, one of its horns coming in contact with its adversary's shoulder; which, however, was protected by so thick a mail that it produced no visible effect. The rhinoceros, the moment it was struck, plunged its horn with wonderful activity and strength into the buffalo's side, crushing the ribs and penetrating to the vitals; it then lifted the gored body from the ground, and flung it to the distance of several feet, where the mangled animal almost immediately breathed its last. The victor remained stationary, eyeing his motionless victim with a look of stern indifference, but the door of his den being opened, he trotted into it, and began munching some cakes which had been thrown to him as a reward for his conduct in so unequal a contest.

I remember once seeing, at an entertainment of this kind, three wild buffaloes driven into the arena against an elephant. In order to render them the more fierce, crackers were fastened to their tails. During the explosion of these, the terrified animals ran to and fro as if in a state of frenzy, and one of them charged the elephant, which stood in a corner of the square, with the blind and misguided fury of madness. The colossal creature watched his victim as it plunged desperately forward, calmly awaiting its approach with its head depressed and the point of his tusks brought to a level with the shoulders of his advancing foe. The buffalo rushed onward, and was almost instantly impaled; the elephant casting the writhing body from his tusks, and then coolly crushing it with his fore feet. The two other buffaloes, having now somewhat recovered from the terror excited by the crackers, which had hitherto diverted their attention from the elephant, gazed wildly round the enclosure, and, seeing their enemy prepared for a charge, pawed the ground, raising the dust, and flinging the earth over their heads with their hoofs in a continued shower; then erecting their tails, with a loud roar they simultaneously charged the elephant, which still remained in the corner where he had at first stationed himself. He eyed them with a deliberate but keen glance, placing his head, as before, towards the ground, and bringing those terrible instruments of destruction with which his jaws were armed in a position to meet the charge of his foremost foe. The result was precisely the same as in the former attack, the buffalo being instantly transfixed upon the elephant's tusks; but before the victor could release them from the incumbrance, the second buffalo was upon him. With the quickness of thought, however, he raised his fore leg and struck his assailant between the horns, rolling it over and instantly crushing it to death.

It sometimes, indeed, happens in these encounters, when the elephant is timid, which is the natural character of this animal, that he is dreadfully gored by his furious assailants, to which he offers no resistance, but flies from them in the greatest terror. An old elephant is generally too wary and too conscious of his own strength to allow himself to be subdued by such inferior adversaries, and when he offers a resolute resistance, the buffaloes invariably fare the worse.

On the occasion to which I have just referred, after the contest between the elephant and buffaloes, a bear was introduced before the party assembled to witness the sports, and a man undertook to encounter it without any arms, save a gauntlet made of buffalo horn, called a jetty. The bear was a large one of its species, and had been kept without food for two days, in order to render it more fierce. When first released from its den, it paced the ground with a sullen aspect, occasionally looking up at the spectators, and uttering a low dismal roar, but showed no symptoms of positive exasperation. The moment the man entered, it paused, erected itself on its hind legs, and yelled loudly. The Hindoo was a tall, powerful young man, with extremely long arms, a fine expansive chest, and a clear beaming eye, expressive of cool determination and wary caution.

He first commenced operations by walking round his adversary, sometimes advancing, then retreating—now quickening his pace, then suddenly stopping, all the while distracting the attention of his angry foe by numerous contortions of body, occasionally clapping his hands, striking his chest, and springing from the ground with an agility which would have surprised the most accomplished *maître de ballet* in Europe. His shaggy opponent at length becoming enraged, advanced upon him with a shriek of rage, and extended a paw to grasp his hip; but the Hindoo, with the rapidity of lightning, planted a blow upon the bear's cheek, which cut open the skin, and sent Bruin staggering several paces backwards. The poor animal seemed for a moment stunned with surprise, and before it could recover it received another tremendous hit on the muzzle, which caused it to turn and run to the corner of the enclosure. After shaking its nose and sneezing, it once more erected its body, having now its back supported by the bamboo railings. The man tried by all sorts of gesticulations, suddenly retreating and falling down, to draw his adversary from its position, but in vain. The animal was evidently aware of the advantage of presenting to its antagonist only one point of attack, and therefore would not budge from its corner: but, covering its head with its large shaggy paws, the Hindoo champion found it difficult to deliver a blow where it would be likely to be effectual. Finding that he could not rouse the bear, he sprang forward and gave it a smart kick in the flank; this caused the animal suddenly to depress its paws; in an instant the jetty was rattling on its head with a severity which caused it to yell for several seconds. It now lay on the earth with its muzzle in the corner, and its back towards its conqueror, who, disdaining to strike a fallen enemy, made his salaam to the spectators with a grace peculiar to all the Eastern races, and retired from the scene of combat amidst their unanimous acclamations. The bear was a good deal punished, but its skull was too hard to be cracked with the blow of a fist.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE BEGGARS.

With very few exceptions, all the London beggars live up to their means; and what they earn, or rather swindle, out of a benevolent or confiding public, is spent in eating and drinking. Gin is the great thing with most of them. I knew one, and only one, who spent a considerable portion of his professional proceeds in the article of dress. This man, who used to be seen daily in the neighborhood of Holborn, decrepit in appearance, and with the most ragged wardrobe that was ever fastened about the human body, regularly gave up his vocation at six in the evening, and in about an hour afterwards was to be seen in the parlor of a public-house in Gray's Inn Lane, where he remained till eleven at night, smoking his pipe and drinking his brandy and water, and dressed in a suit of clothes, with his legs encased in top boots which no gentleman would be ashamed to wear. Not more partial is an alderman to his turtle soup than are these gentry to the good things of this life. There are several of them who "spit" their goose or duck at least three times a week. There are also numbers who hold regular convivial meetings, at which some remarkable gastronomic feats are performed. On some special occasions they regularly elect their chairman, and have their series of toasts, their speeches, and songs, as on great public occasions.

It is known to several persons that George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, went on one occasion with his friend Major Hanger to witness the scenes which took place at these guzzling exhibitions of the mendicants. Tutored as the young Prince was by Sheridan and others of his boon companions in all sorts of frolics, he enjoyed the scene for some time. At last, however, a circumstance occurred which somewhat disconcerted him. The beggar who presided on the occasion as chairman, after a temporary pause in the merriment of the evening, rose, and pointing to the Prince, said, "With the permission of the company, I calls on that ere gemman with a clean shirt on for a song."

A round of applause from the rest of the jolly beggars showed how eagerly they responded to the appeal thus made to his Royal Highness, who winked significantly to Major Hanger, and then stammered out the expression of a hope, that as he was no singer, the company would excuse him.

"Not a bit of it," said the chairman.

"Ve'll have no denial, young man," said another.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you'll allow the gentleman to sing by proxy," interposed Major Hanger.

"Proxy!" said several voices at once, "vat's proxy?"

"O, another person singing for him," said the major.

"O, certainly, if he can find one," said the chairman, looking round for the concurrence of the company in his sentiment.

"O, there can be no objections to that," observed a dozen voices at once.

"Come then, H——, you must do it yourself," said the Prince, addressing himself to the major.

The latter responded to the appeal, and sung amidst great applause a well-known ballad—well-known, I mean, among the fraternity—called "The Beggar's Wedding."

"Gen'l'men," said the proprietor of a little unwashed and unshaved face, and a nose of remarkable flatness, who sat opposite the chairman, "let us drink the health and song of the gen'l'man vot's just sung."

"The gen'l'man's health and song," shouted a host of voices, and in an instant every glass was empty of its contents except that of the Prince.

"I say, young man, vy don't you drink to your friend?" said a round-faced mendicant who sat opposite to his Royal Highness, his eyes rolling in a fine frenzy through the inspiring influence of the liquid he had so copiously quaffed.

"O, I beg your pardon, Sir," answered the Prince, who had been for the moment lost in surprise at the ecstacies of uproarious merriment he witnessed every where around him; "O, I beg your pardon, Sir, for the omission; it was quite accidental I assure you."

This was addressed to the person who had challenged him for not drinking to the major.

"Vell, vy don't you drink it now?" inquired the other, who was a very consequential personage in his own estimation.

The Prince filled up his glass, and having drunk off the contents to the health and song of Major Hanger, held it out in his hand in an inverted position.

"Bravo! you're a trump!"—"Go it, clean shirt!" shouted about a dozen voices.

"Three cheers for the gentleman who has favored us with so excellent a song!" exclaimed the Prince, beginning to feel himself more at home. As he spoke he rose, and waved his hand with his empty glass in the air, as if to lead the plaudits of the others. All present were on their legs in an instant, and deafening and universal were the cheers with which the major was greeted.

The scene was kept up with great spirit and eclat until at least one half of the jolly beggars had drunk themselves asleep, and lay like so many masses of inert clay on the floor, in a horizontal position. Sketches in London.

SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

THE MORNING CALL.

I cannot conceive any prospect more agreeable to a weary traveller than the approach to Bedfordshire. Each valley reminds him of Sleepy Hollow; the fleecy clouds seem like blankets, the lakes and ponds are clean sheets; the setting sun looks like a warming pan. He dreams of dreams to come. His travelling cap transforms to a night-cap, the coach lining seems softlier squabbed; the guard's horn plays "lullaby." Every flower by the road side is a poppy. Each jolt of the coach is but a drowsy stumble up stairs. The lady opposite is the chamber-maid; the gentleman beside her is Boots. He slides into imaginary slippers; he winks and nods flirtingly at Sleep, so soon to be his own. Although the wheels may be rattling into vigilant Wakefield, it appears to him to be sleepy Ware, with its great bed, a whole county of Down, spread "all before him where to choose his place of rest."

It was in similar mood, after a long dusty, draughty dog-day's journey, that I entered the Dolphin at Bedhampton. I nodded in at the door, winked at the lights, blinked at the company in the coffee-room, yawned for a glass of negus, swallowed it with my eyes shut, as though it had been "a pint of nappy," surrendered my boots, clutched a candlestick, and blundered slipshod up the stairs to No. 9.

Blessed be the man, says Sancho Panza, who first invented sleep; and blessed be heaven that he did not take out a patent, and keep his discovery to himself. My clothes dropped off me: I saw through the drowsy haze the likeness of a four-poster: "Great Nature's second course" was before me;—and I fell to without a long grace!

Here's a body—there's a bed!
There's a pillow—here's a head!
There's a curtain—here's a light!
There's a puff—and so good night!

It would have been gross improvidence to waste more words upon the occasion, for I was to be roused up again at four the next morning to proceed by the early coach. I determined, therefore, to do as much sleep within the interval as I could; and in a minute, short measure, I was with that mandarin, Morpheus, in his Land of Nod.

How intensely we sleep when we are fatigued; some as sound as tops, others as fast as churches. For my own part, I must have slept as fast as a Cathedral—as fast as Young Rapid wishes to slumber;—nay, as fast as the French veteran who dreams over the whole Russia campaign while dozing in his sentry-box. I must have slept as fast as a fast coach in my four-poster—or rather I must have slept "like winkin," for I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes, when a voice cried, "Sleep no more!"

It was that of Boots, calling and knocking at the door, whilst through the key-hole a ray of candlelight darted into my chamber.

"Who's there?"

"It's me, your honor. I humbly ax pardon—but somehow I've oversleeped myself, and the coach be gone by!"

"The devil it is—then I have lost my place!"

"No, not exactly, your honor. She stops a bit at the Dragon, 'tother end o' the town; and if your honor would'nt object to a bit of a run——"

"That's enough—come in. Put down the light—and take up that bag—my coat over your arm—and waistcoat with it—and that cravat."

Boots acted according to orders. I jumped out of bed—pocketed my nightcap—screwed on my stockings—plunged into my trowsers—rammed my fest into wrong right and left boots—tumbled down the back stairs—rushed through a door of a stable yard, holding a lantern, which, in sheer haste, or spleen, I pitched into the horse-pond. Then began the race, during which I completed my toilet, running and firing a verbal volley at Boots, as often as I could spare breath for one.

"And you call this waking me up—for the coach. My waistcoat!—Why, I could wake myself—too late—without being called. Now my cravat—and be hanged to you! Confound that stone!—and give me my coat. A nice road—for a run!—I suppose you keep it—on purpose. How many gentlemen—may you do a week?—I'll tell—you what. If I—run—a foot—further——"

I paused for wind; while Boots had stopped of his own accord. We had turned a corner into a small square; and on the opposite side certainly stood an inn with the sign of the Dragon, but without any sign of a coach at the door. Boots stood beside me, aghast, and surveying the house from the top to the bottom; not a wreath of smoke came from the chimney; the curtains were closed over every window, and the door was closed and shuttered. I could hardly contain my indignation when I looked at the infernal somnolent visage of the fellow, hardly yet broad awake—he kept rubbing his large black lead eyes with his hands as if he would have rubbed them out.

"Yes, you may well look—you have overslept yourself with a vengeance. The coach must have passed an hour ago—and they have all gone to bed again!"

"No, there be no coach, sure enough," soliloquized Boots, slowly raising his eyes from the road, where he had been searching for the track of recent wheels, and fixing them with a deprecating expression on my face. "No, there's no coach—I ax a thousand pardons, your honor—but you see, sir, that with waiting on her, and talking on her, and expecting on her, and giving notice on her, every night of my life, your honor—why I sometimes dreams on her, and that's the case as is now."

AFRICAN WRESTLERS.

After dinner we adjourned to witness a wrestling match between Jacko, a member of the Cameroons Club (whom we had brought over for the purpose), and the champion of Calebar. The stakes were two chests of guns, two barrels of powder, and ten pieces of cloth, altogether of the value of forty or fifty pounds; and as the match had been long talked of, it excited great interest amongst the inhabitants. The wrestlers were both powerful men; but the Calebar hero had evidently been sleeping upon his laurels, and was too much in flesh. Jacko was not so tall as his antagonist, but was, I think, without exception, the broadest man over the shoulders I ever saw; his legs and arms were literally cables of muscles. They were both oiled all over, and commenced play by approaching each other in a stooping position, scraping the ground with their hands, to get the mud to adhere to their oily fingers. The Calebar man made the first spring, which was skilfully avoided by Jacko, who as his opponent flew past him, caught him by one of his ankles, and throwing him a complete summerset, landed him on his back with a shock that left him insensible for a few minutes. They were re-oiled, and made play again more cautiously. We now saw an interesting display. Laying their left hands upon each other's shoulder, they alternately caught at the heads and legs of each other. After a severe struggle the victory was again Jacko's, who took his gigantic antagonist under the knee, lifted him fairly in the air, and threw him in the most approved style, his shoulder blades first touching the ground. Although there were between two and three thousand people present, and their champion had been overthrown, the greatest good humor prevailed, and the two principals walked off the ground, the observed of all observers, in a most amicable way.

Enforced Marriage and Happy Release.—Sir Walter Scott used to relate the following anecdote:—

"My cousin, Watty Scott," said he, "was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at the tavern on the Point. The ship made the signal for sailing; but their landlady said, 'No gentlemen, you shall not escape without paying your reckoning;' and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released.

'No, no,' said Mrs. Quickly, 'I must be satisfied one way or t'other: you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time.'

They made long faces and confessed that it was true.

'Well,' said she, 'I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband—or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and, therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go to-morrow is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d—n which it is; but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you!'

The vigaro was not to be pacified; and the poor youths left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine a-piece, and, having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth; and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his extacy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out 'Thanks to God, my wife is hanged.'"

Varieties.

The Portland Times, in speaking of a man being robbed of five hundred dollars, asks "what business has a gentleman with five hundred dollars in these times?" We should like to see the man that could rob us of five hundred dollars at any time! Editors are not so soft now-a-days as to carry money about them.

Five Reasons.—"Mistress Grimes, lend me your tub?" "Can't do it—all the hoops are off—it's full of suds—besides I never had one—because I washes in a barrel."

American Character.—"We are born in a hurry," says an American writer, "we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and loose it in like manner, to remake and relose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit a high pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

Inverted Editorials.—'The Downeaster' reached us this week, with the entire inner form, editorials and all, turned upside down. We hope the editor does not *stand on his head* when he writes.

A Rival of Nimrod Wildfire.—A Scotchman lately swam one hundred and sixty yards under water, without coming to the surface. The feat, upon which a considerable wager was pending was accomplished near Westminster bridge.

A New Edition of the Fabulas.—The annexed story is given in a recent number of the Revue du Havre; it is not very probable, but we give it on the authority of the source indicated:—

As an American ship, which arrived a few days since from New York, was on her voyage, one of the passengers entered into the captain's cabin, and having said—

"I am not a man, as you believe me to be, but a woman," uncovered and presented a quantity of very long fine hair, presenting a perfectly feminine appearance

"Well," replied the captain, "I am glad of it, for my wife is sick, and you shall attend her during the passage.

The passenger undertook the charge, and performed all the duties of a nurse with great care, never quitting the captain's wife, day or night, during the whole voyage. On landing at Havre the sick person and her nurse occupied the same room on shore; but after a long time suspicions arose as to the real sex of the latter. The person of doubtful gender was taken into custody, and kept in confinement until it was proved, by the report of the docter, that the prisoner had no indication of the softer sex, except the hair. Immediately on being released, the gay deceiver obtained a passport and sailed for England, to which country he belongs, and thus escaped the vengeance which, in all probability, his deception would have drawn down upon him.

Etymology with a vengeance.—Johnson, the lexicographer, once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish-market, and put a Billingsgate woman in a passion without saying a word that she could understand. We do not happen to have the original version of the anecdote by us, and shall therefore tell the story in our own way. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactories could endure their flavor. The Billingsgate lady made a verbal attack common in vulgar parlance, which impugned the classification in natural history of the doctor's mother. The doctor answered "You are an article, madam"—"No m re an article than yourself, you b——y misbegotten villain." "You are a noun, woman"—"You—you—" stammered the woman, choaking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand. "You are a pronoun." The beldame shook her fist in speechless rage. "You are a verb—an adverb—an adjective a conjunction—a preposition—an interjection?" suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she dumped herself down in the mud crying with rage at being thus "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms, which not understanding she could not answer.

Brighton Fair.—Mr. Merryman began eating fire amid the loud applause of his ruder audience.

"Now doesn't that beat snap-dragon," cried he, "all to tinder? Don't be alarmed, young ladies, my heart's already in a flame with your charms, and this is the way I fied the combustion! Though no posture-maker, I can put my *tow* in my mouth as cleverly as the best of 'em."

"After this *feat* with his *tow*, he turned to a be-rouged gentleman with a hat and feathers, a black velvet fly-jacket, white pantaloons, and yellow boots, with a riding-whip in his hand.

"I say, Mister Master," said he.

"Well, Mr. Merryman, and what—do—you—say?" said the other.

"Why did the dun cow not know her tail when she saw it in the pond?"

"Don't—know—Mr. Merryman."

"Why, 'cause she had never seen it—*before*—to be sure," replied the clown.

A laugh of course followed this solution of the query.

"Now here's a puzzler," continued he. "Why is a cabbage run to seed like a lover? Give it up? Because it has lost its heart."

Another encouraging shout from the rustics succeeded.

"What were the last words of the trumpeter when he was gored by the parson's bull? Why, blow the horns! to be sure, for that was in his vocation. I say, Gaffer," said he addressing a "joskin" in the crowd, whose mouth was extended from ear to ear with an awful grin of approbation, "if you've cut your teeth of wisdom, can'st tell me what are the three domestic delights of a poor man on a cold day?"

"Noa; what be they, ey?"

"Why, a 'nagging' wife, the tooth-ache, and no chips to boil the pot withal."

"Bravo, Mr. Merryman!" exclaimed the master; "you shall have a bowl of gooseberry fool."

"One fool at a time, if you please," cried Mr. Merryman. "Pray can any other fool tell another fool what is the height of luxury?—You—or you—you? None! then I'll elucidate your ponderosity, and dazzle the eyes of your intellectuality with the brightness of my intelligence. Know, then, that the height of luxury is—a tight boot on a July day, with a sharp peg in the heel of it. Now, mend that boot if ye can, ye cobblers of conundrums.

There is only one performer now living who performed on the stage with Garrick—Byrne, the celebrated Harlequin in his time, and father of Oscar Byrne. He is now in his 76th year, walks as upright as in his best days, and enjoys all his faculties.

The following advertisement has appeared in a Bristol paper:—"To Master Bakers.—A journeyman baker wishes to obtain work. The advertiser fears God, has a thorough knowledge of the business, and is a member of the temperance society. Preference will be given to a place where no baking is done on the Lord's-day. Address, &c., Temperance Hotel."

Why is Lord Kelly's last new hat like a famous race?—Because it's a *Doncaster*. When may a man be said to be truly above the world?—When he's "*out on a lark*." Which female singer would pick up most money on a race-course?—Miss *Bells*. Why is a man with a squint sure to be an inquisitive person?—Because he's always got a "*queer eye*" for you. The Age.

Expressive.—A Frenchman in one of our city hacks having observed that the coach in which he was travelling had passed another, exclaimed to his friend, "Begar! ze coash, vich was before, bime by, is now behind, presently, very."

A Good One.—A gentleman recently lodged at a hotel somewhere in the middle States, and in the morning was observed looking among a quantity of newly cleaned boots, in search of his own.

"What kind of boots was your boots, sir?" inquired Billy.

"Quite new ones, have you seen them?"

"New ones!—why lor bless you sir, the new boots be all gone an hour ago!"

We have heard of a person *so long* that he could'nt go to sleep all over at the same time. Picayune.

We have heard of a person *so long* that he could'nt get awake all over at the same time. Feliciana Repub.

Refinement on Badger-Baiting.—In the Glasgow Police Court on Wednesday, a most extraordinary spectacle was exhibited. Two men were placed at the bar, each having his nose most ludicrously covered with loads of plaster, and each deprived of the tip of that very fashionable organ. The appearance of the fellows was the most grotesque that can be imagined;—there was a strong personal resemblance betwixt them; their damaged noses seemed to be fac-similes of each other, and their whole aspect was so *outre*, that laughter could scarcely have been suppressed, had not the explanation which followed given rise to far other feelings. It appeared that the two men had quarrelled about the payment of some rent in a house at the foot of one of the Wynds, when they came to blows. They closed with each other and rolled upon the floor; they then, it appeared, seized one another by the nose with their teeth, and drew, each in his turn, like a dog at a badger. Having chewed each other unmercifully, they ended the conflict by biting off the tips of the two noses altogether; and in this condition were taken to the Police Office. Bailie Small, after hearing the case, ordained them to pay the doctor's bill, thinking, we suppose, that the punishment they had imposed upon themselves was amply sufficient. On leaving the bar, the bipeds were favored with a looking-glass; but one look was sufficient—they started back as if terrified at the frightfulness of their own visages; and we should think there is little danger of their attempting this refinement on badger-baiting a second time.

A dry joker went into a glass factory, and was prying around the premises with a curious eye, when the owner asked him if he was endeavoring to pry out the mystery of his manufactures. "They are very easily *seen through*," answered the other.

A New Idea.—A joker having listened to the description of manufacturing whiskey from apples, enquired how many pippins a man might eat without getting drunk?

The Drury Lane orchestra has been increased to 96 musicians, the largest number ever yet engaged in an English theatre.

He that undertakes to become high in the world, should have a small conscience, and a long tongue, talking everything and feeling nothing.

A New Joke.—"Whose brush are you cleaning your teeth with, Bill?" asked a 'queer one' of a lad in a store the other day.

"It's your's, I expect," said the boy rather sheepishly, "but I shan't hurt it."

"Well, be sure you put it back where you got it, for I cleaned my toe-nails with it yesterday, and I want to keep it for that purpose hereafter.

A Condensed Character.—This is the way one editor talks about another:—"He is too contemptible to be worthy of hate, and too insignificant to repay the trouble of despising him."

The eldest daughter of a gentleman in Washington Square, aged ten years received a card which ran thus:

"Miss B—— at home at 7, punch at 8, quadrilles." It was for the same evening—rather short notice, to be sure, for a fashionable assemblage. It elicited the following reply, the father being somewhat in our way of thinking in these matters:—"Miss R—— presents her compliments to Miss B——, and regrets to say that she is to be well whipped at 7, and in bed by 8."

'Mien Got,' said a Dutchman, 'you may say what you like about bat neighbors—I hat the worst neighbors as ever was. Dare's Hans Wagoner, mine pigs and mine hens come home from dere mit their tails cropt; and tudder day mine Got, two of dem come home missing!'

A young man of extraordinary appetite dining at a miser's, and observing his host's dismay, said—

"I have an hereditary good appetite; my mother was a remarkably quick eater, and my father would eat until he was hungry again."

"Then I congratulate you," said the miser, "on uniting the perseverence of your father to the despatch of your mother."

The young man, nothing daunted, said—

"I like this round of beef, you may cut and come again upon it."

"You may cut as soon as you will," said the old man, "but hang me if you ever come again."

Civic Horsemanship.—At a meeting of the Common Council of London, on the discussion of a proposition to send a deputation of Common Councilmen to meet the Queen on her arrival at Temple-bar, in her progress to the Mansion House, on the 9th of November, Mr. Jones (the chairman of the London-bridge committee) begged to caution the court how they acted, as the deputation must ride on horseback. (Laughter.) He remembered how Mr. Dixon, the late father of that court, remonstrated with his brethren on the hazard they encountered by so bold an experiment. The story ran thus:—It so happened that very few of the six common councilmen selected to ride to Temple-bar to meet George III. could ride at all. There was, however, one who could, and he determined to make up for the deficiency of the rest by hiring a very handsome white horse, which had been long accustomed to run in the Circus. The deputation reached Temple-bar, and his Majesty entered in state at the gate. The moment, however, the order to go forward was given, a most unexpected obstruction presented itself. The white horse, upon hearing the music, instead of advancing, began to gallop round and round, as if he was on duty in the Circus, amidst the shouts of the crowd, and to the surprise of the venerable king, who was at last persuaded that the vagaries of the animal and its rider constituted part of the city pageant. (Laughter.)

Welch Rabbits.—Much is to be said in favor of toasted cheese for supper. It is the cant to say that a Welch rabbit is heavy eating. I know this; but have I really found it to be so in my case? Certainly not. I like it best in the genuine Welch way, however; that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horse radish, and then, on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire, thoroughly saturated, while in the process of toasting, with cwrw (Welch ale) or, in its absence, genuine black pepper and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion, that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner in reading, writing, or riding. And I bet half a crown that Dr. Kitchiner coincides with me. Dr. Maginn.

Horse.—An article in the sale of which you may cheat your own father without any imputation upon your honesty, or your sense of filial duty. Dr. Burnet, having good reasons for disposing of his nag, got upon its back, and rode it up and down, without succeeding, however, in concealing its defects. "My good doctor," said the expected purchaser, "when you want to take me in, you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."

A Manager in Chancery.—At the period when a certain metropolitan theatre was in Chancery, one of the managers was pretty constantly in Court. On one occasion, an advocate rose upon a petition respecting a party whose name was the same as the manager's. "*In re* ——," said the lawyer. "That's me! that's me!" exclaimed the proprietor, bustling forward. "My Lord," continued the counsel, without noticing the interruption, "this —— is a poor lunatic." "That's *not* me," cried the manager, and hastily retired amidst much laughter.

Mr. Arnot, an advocate of some literary as well as legal fame, was once called on by a lady not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or temper, for his advice as to the best method of getting rid of the importunities of a rejected admirer:—"Ye mann ken, Sir," said the lady, "that I am a namesake o' your ain. I am the chief o' the Arnots, and ye maun just advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow?" "Oh, marry him by all means! It's the only way to get quit of his importunities." "I would see him hanged first!" replied the lady, with emphatic indignation. "Nay, Madam," rejoined Mr. Arnot: "marry him directly, as I said before, and by the Lord Harry, he'll soon hang himself."

Study of Character in a Gin Shop.—Oh! the glorious glimpses into the dark recesses of the human heart, that are caught by the glare of the gas-lamps in a gin-shop. Histories of whole lives, written in wrinkled brows and haggard cheeks, that *ought* to be smooth and unwrinkled! *There* is a faded human flower; faded, but still how lovely; moodily gazing on the floor, the glass empty, the lip burning dry, the breast heaving, the eye-balls throbbing; for you see that the eye would weep, only the fountain of its tears is parched; she looks up—a wild laugh, a loud jest—oh! what a story is there of a broken-hearted mother, and a father bowed down with grief! A man, tall and sallow!—after one quick gulp he turns to go away; his hat is drawn over his eyes—his walk is hurried—he casts a look round him; what a glare in his wild eyes! a tiger is gnawing at his heart! Is it conscience?—is he a robber?—has he dared the law, and is there blood upon that hand with which he is fumbling in his pocket?—can't you read his story without asking? Don't you see he is an author, and has some difficulty in catching the stray penny in that "aching void?" United Service Jour.

General Markets.—The state of our markets at the present time is remarkably queer and quizzical, though not much different from our last quotations. Drugs stay in the market. Sales in fish for the last week have been very *scaly*. Flour has *risz*, and become much *lighter*, in consequence of some *warm* operations among the bakers, who are said to *knead* large quantities; several lots have been thrown back upon first hands, in consequence of purchasers *bolting*, and refusing to down with the *dust*. In hides the demand continues strong, and some *tough* stories are told of recent operations; there has been much pulling and hauling. Indigo looks rather *blue*. Iron goes off very *hard*. Lead continues *heavy*, but goes off in small quantities very rapidly. Sole leather is very much *pressed* down. Oil goes off *smoothly*, though soles are light. A *bursting* business is done in plaster. Putty continues *stiff*, but it is thought may take a new shape. Pickles are as *sharp* as ever. Tar sticks to first hands. Whalebone retains its elasticity. Tobacco is much puffed by some, and cut up by others; the operations however are not to be sneezed at.

Polish Refugees.—Reverse of Fortune.—A few of the Polish refugees, who had served in their own country as common soldiers, have with great difficulty succeeded in procuring employment as excavators of the rail-road; and this employment, offering a relief from the pangs of want, has been eagerly sought by their superior companions in arms, and soldiers and officers may now be seen side by side, from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock in the evening, at the Great Western Railroad. Two of these apprentices to the axe and spade are a Lieutenant-Colonel B—z and a Major M—z; another is a Lithuanian noble, S—z, the owner in his own country of a large estate, and now confiscated, and whose hours of toil and exile are embittered by his severance from a young and lovely wife and children, to correspond with whom was adjudged a crime by the despotic Czar. Many a youth of polished education and child of once wealthy parents—many a scion of ancient Polish houses, fraternise with the railroad excavators; and though by their birth destined to move in the highest circles, and by their rank to sit at princely boards, may now be seen with the green turf for their table, consuming, with the English labourer, the frugal fare of a morsel of bread earned by the severest toil. London Paper.

A soldier in an Irish corps observed to his dapper comrade, that a Corporal was to be drummed out of the regiment. "By my faith, I hope that it is the corporal that is so troublesome in our company. "Pray, what's his name?" inquired the soldier. "Why, *Corporal Punishment*, to be sure," replied Pat.

A Child's Logic.—'Pa,' said a little fellow who had just been shaken into his first pair of breeches, 'does God wear pantaloons?'

The father, being rather confused at such a home question, replied, 'I don't know, my child.'

After a short pause, the inquisitive disposition of the child suggested another and quite a logical mode of satisfying his curiosity on this point.

"Father, did God make you?'

'Certainly, my child.'

'Well, if he made you, couldn't you see whether he wore pantaloons or not?'

The Woodstock Virginia Sentinel of Nov. 2 says:—"Partridges are so numerous in our vicinity, that they have actually marched into the stores of this village, offering themselves up willing sacrifices to the delighted merchant. There is scarcely a garden in town where they are not to be found, and one morning this week we saw several sitting upon the market-house in this place."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1837.

SALE OF THE HAMPTON COURT STUD.

We find the following account of this much talked of event in a Philadelphia paper. We have not received any thing ourselves from England later than the news given in our last. We look for the Liverpool packet of the 1st November to bring us full details of so memorable a sale.

Sale of the Royal Stud.—The remarkable stud of horses belonging to the late King of Great Britain, was brought to the hammer, at Hampton Court, Oct. 25. The sale was well attended, and the produce of it exceeded the most sanguine expectations. There were in all eighty-one animals. The most numerous class were brood mares, forty-three in number, which brought 9,568 guineas. The highest price for any one mare was 970 guineas, for the Nanine, by Selim. The colt foals, thirteen in number, brought 1,471 guineas; the filly foals, 1,112 guineas, and five stallions and two half bred colts, brought 3,541 guineas. The highest price of this latter class was given for the Colonel, by Whisker, the sire of many noted horses, which brought 1550 guineas. The Actæon brought 920 guineas, and the Black Arabian 580. Many of these horses were purchased to go to France and Germany.

A correspondent promises us a report of the result of a match which was to have come off in Illinois the 1st inst., for $500 aside, P. P., a single dash of a mile, between Mr. D. C. Garth's ch. h. *Alexander*, by Hephestion, dam by Piett's Alexander, and Mr. Wm. Cooley's *Washington*, by Washington. Shall be glad to hear of it.

We are frequentlyap plied to for information as to the Sweepstakes of the Union Course, which close on the 1st of January. We are unable to give any information ourselves, but will endeavor to find out something from the right source before another week.

We have returns of the last week's racing at Augusta, but descriptions of but a part. We prefer to wait another week for a description of the whole, and give now the bare results.

To Breeders.—We have a letter before us, in which our correspondent lauds highly the management of Col. Elliott in the breeding stud. To the care and attention of this gentleman our friend attributes much of the fame of Leviathan, and he declares that no other man has ever sent home his valuable mares in proper condition. To use his own words, "Col. Elliott is always there—superintends the whole concern in person,—feeds, waters, rubs, and does *anything* and *everything*, and *any where* over the whole of his extensive lots and pastures. I mention this because no man of common prudence would venture to send valuable mares beyond the reach of his own superintendence, unless he knew or believed they would receive proper nursing. Col. Elliott is just the man to bestow this care and superintendence.'

We are most happy to have the opportunity thus to commend the management of this most upright and honorable sportsman and breeder.

To Trainers.—A correspondent writes us after this wise:—"I am only a breeder of the fine bloods, without any other distinction of the turf order. I have now several good things in my stable, which are yearly multiplying on my hands. My situation, *thus conditioned*, requires a first-rate trainer, who would take charge of my stock, train them here at home, and with the *worthies* travel to Clubs and a market for me without any attendance of mine. To a man properly recommended for suitable qualifications for my purpose, I would give a fine opportunity of profiting by his business, by making him interested either in my stock or their earnings." We wish we knew a shrewd fellow of the right sort willing to go South, and not too far South, on this errand,—it would give us such a pleasure to oblige our friend.

☞ We stated some short time since, and as we supposed on good authority, that Mr. Beach's Sir Kirkland received the first premium at the Hamilton (Ohio) Agricultural Fair. A correspondent denies this, and asserts that it was awarded to Cadet, by Medley, out of Sally Walker;—the same horse that received a similar honor in Bourbon Co., Ky., in September last. Our correspondent likewise claims that a colt and filly by this same Cadet bore off prizes at Hamilton. There must be a mode of settling this difference. Will any one interested forward us the actual awards in all those cases touching upon horses?

Rowton will leave South Carolina for Hicksford, Va., and will stand at the stables of Dr. Merritt. Emancipation is spoken of as likely to take his place in Carolina.

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

LITTLE ROCK (Arks.) Nov. 16, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Pete has been here a week and better, but he has been so busy that he couldn't write to you. This is a great place, and we can have lots of fun every day. Legislating don't suit Pete's genius—he has found that out. I have been prowling about pretty considerable, and the way I have seen some right sights is about right. And would you believe it, the Circus is here. I went last night. I tell you what, that spotted fellow they have along made fun. If they would just go to the Devil's Fork, I reckon they would make money. The way them chaps ride is a caution. I guess they would be great on a bear hunt. Then there was one fellow lifted three great big anvils at once; may be he aint all horse; I reckon he could knock the filling out of Jim Cole; and they laid an anvil on his belly and hit it with a sledge hammer; Spot said it settled his supper. I guess it did. And then the way a big nigger did sing Jim Brown and Raccoon on a rail. Oh, I tell you it was funny.

"There was a little pig, and he lived in clover,
And when he died—he died all over."

But I am going again to-night. Well, they invited me to a party—I didn't like much to go, because I was afraid I wouldn't know how to act—but lawyer McCampbell said I must go. Well, I got me a new coat, and spruced up pretty slick, I tell you.

I started about 7—I tell you I never see such sights before—the way there was nice looking ladies was right. The finery Jim Cole carried sister Sal wasn't a priming to it—and then such dancing. Says one gentleman, "Mr. Whetstone, don't you dance." "I reckon I does," says I. "Well," says he, "let me get you a partner." "I am much obliged to you," says I. At that he led me up to the prettiest sort of a gal. "My friend Mr. Whetstone, of the Devil's Fork," says he. "I hope you are well, Miss," says I. Oh, Lord, may be she didn't smile sweetly on me. Says she, "Mr. Whetstone, how did you leave your sister Sall?" Says I, "mighty well, Miss, I thank you." Just right at that, up comes a ghost-looking chap, and says he, "Miss, will you allow me the pleasure to dance with you." She bowed, and he led her off, leaving me standing like a widow's pig on a cold morning. Thanks I, you'll catch it, Mr. Ghost, for your smartness, when a fellow tapped me on the back. "Come, Col. Whetstone, (he was a candidate) and take some apple toddy." "I don't care if I do," says I. I told him how Ghost used me. "Oh," says he, "that is a small matter, and you must not get mad." I asked him how I could get to dance, for I wanted to show them a few Devil's Fork steps. He said he would introduce me to a partner. "What must I do then?" says I. "Bow to her, and ask the pleasure of dancing with her," says he. Well, he introduced me to a nice little critter, I tell you. Says I, "Miss, will you allow me the extreme pleasure of dancing with you." She said she would. Out we went. Well, the first motion after the fiddlers struck up, showed me I wasn't in the right place. I got scoved, and couldn't get the figure; says one of them, in a whisper, Mr. Whetstone aint up to *kertillions*; at that says I, ladies and gentlemen, excuse me if you please, I am in the wrong row now, for I never got higher than a reel in all my life; at that they all commenced giggling: this made me mighty mad. After a while they said supper was ready; I tell you I never set down to such good things before—I just wish Cole could have seen it.

Well, Capt. Brown is going to resign his office in the bank: he has made a good President, and I go in for giving the devil his due. Well, the fuss about the State Bank aint a pirnin to what is going on about the *Real Estate Bank. B. B.* couldent get to be President, and the way Tallyrand and Buck are mad is awful. I went into the Senate yesterday; the way Z. was preaching agin it was a sin: Wpponocca answered him, and said he, Z., was a stockholder, and jist because he couldent be a *director* he got mad. It all won't do; the Bank will flourish, for it has got into *honest hands*. In a great hurry.

Your friend, PETE WHETSTONE.

NEW ORLEANS RACES.

We have dates from New Orleans to the morning of the 7th. We regret to hear that the prospect of sport for the four mile purse, is not so good as had been anticipated. Three of the great supposed competitors—*Rodolph, Arbaces*, and *Miss Medley*—are said to be amiss.

Our correspondent speaks of Rodolph as a fine looking horse, able to win easily if in condition. He anticipates great success for Col. BINGAMAN, whose stable is said to be all right. The Colonel showed them how the thing could be done at their last meeting.

We are warned against looking for any good time, the state of the track not being much like that of the Union Course, the late four mile day. But the record of the first two days, which is annexed, does not show lame horses.

TUESDAY, Dec. 5, 1837—Proprietor's Purse $500, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Dr. Rucker's ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs.	3	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Tishi Mingo*, by Imp Leviathan, d. by Sir Archy, 3 y.	1	2	2
Mr. Renner's gr. f. *The Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs....	2	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:56—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6—Proprietor's Purse $1200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Capt. Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Magic.....	2	2

Time, 3:53—4:04.

The following horses are entered for the Three mile day: *Naked Truth, Susan Yandell*, and *Virginia Fairfield*.

MOBILE (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Bascombe Course*, commenced on Tuesday, 21st Nov., and continued during the week. We have been at very great pains to compile a full and accurate account of the week's work, but are unable at this distance to supply half the requisite details. We are bound to give credit to the several daily prints of Mobile for the assistance derived from them; but as the sport was, on the whole, indifferent, they did not think it worth their while to give it much of their attention.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21, 1837—A Poststake for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $500 each, $300 ft. Two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's s. c. *Triump*, by Sir Charles, dam not given.....	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's ch. f. *Pilot Jr.*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon.....	2	2
Wm. Blevins' ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific.....	3	3
Mr. Starke's nomination.....	pd ft	

Time, 3:55—3.57.

It will be a sufficient excuse, we trust, for any inaccuracies in our report of the whole week's races, if we state how the Mobile papers reported this last race, described as uninteresting, Mr. Garrison's colt being too much altogether for his competitors. One paper gives Mr. Johnson's entry as Louisa Bascombe, and another as Paul Jones; one makes Col. Blevins run Pilot Jr., and another Louisa Bascombe! Which of the two are we to choose? All, however, agree, that the Sir Charles colt won, but they are unable to agree about the name. We will wager a trifle that we are as near as any of them.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above, 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, out of Amelia by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's ch. c. *Oseola*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:57. Won with great ease.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

David Stephenson's (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. *Crazy Bill*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. L. Starke's b. m. *Miss Byron*, by Byron, dam by ———, 5 yrs.....	3	dis
James H. Iveson's s. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 3:58—4:05. Won easily. Crazy Bill the favorite.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Judge Everitt's ch. c. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. Harrison's b. m. *Highland Mary*.....	2	dis
Mr. Stevenson's s. f. *Pocahontas*.....	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:55. A miserable day's sport.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Jockey Club Purse $700, free for all ages; weights as before Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. m. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	1	1
Thos. L. Starke's s. f. *Aurora*, by Red Rover, dam by ———, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 6.05.

Miserable sport again, and complaints that Aurora was badly ridden; and the pleasure of the day by no means retrieved by the next race.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Mr. ——'s b. c. *Claiborne*.....	1	1
Thos. L. Starke's s. f. *Aurora*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Richmond, 5 yrs. walked over.

SAME DAY—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

No account of this race in our exchange, making altogether a brilliant day's sport!

SATURDAY, Nov. 25—Ladies' Purse $—, free for all ages; weights as before; Two miles out.

D. Stevenson's (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. *Crazy Bill*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1
Judge Everit's ch. c. *Authentic*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2
Robt. Chapman's ch. h. *Minor*, by Clermont, dam by Sir William of Transport, aged...	3

Time, 3:53.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse $300; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Mr. Robertson's b. h. *Kleber*, by Bertrand.....	2	3	2
Col. Vance Johnson's ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	2	3

Time, 1.53—1.52—1.53.

As this was the last, so was it the best race of the week, though won cleverly by Charles Magic. The good people of Mobile appear to have derived very little satisfaction from the whole affair, but their papers are loud in promising better sport the next time. Mr. Garrison seems to have touched a soft place in his jour ney to New Orleans.

LITTLE ROCK (Arks.) FALL RACES,

Dear P.—Enclosed I send you an account of the races here. Independence is a noble animal—he won the Two mile day at Fort Smith, distancing the field. Charline was off—she had not had tight work enough, and in the first heat flung the plate off her *left hind foot*, and ran the 2d heat without it.

Hastily yours, N.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8, 1837—Purse $150, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 80lbs.—4, 91—5, 106—6, 112—and aged 120lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Jacob McCarty's gr. m. *Penelope*, by Pacolet, dam by Archy, 5 yrs.....	2	1	
T. T. Tunstall's ch. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, dam unknown, 4 yrs.....	1	dis	
R. C. Hawkins' br. g. *Henry Sweat*, by Sir George, dam by Wonder, aged.....	3	dis	
David Burress' gr. h. by Massena, dam by Florizel, 5 yrs.....	4	dis	
William Ramey's gr. g. *Pacolet*, blood unknown, 6 yrs.....	dis		

Time, 1.58—2.04.

The 1st heat was won easily by Independence. In the 2d heat Independence distanced the field, but the purse was awarded to Penelope, under the following rule of the club:—"If any nag shall run on the inside of any pole, he will be deemed distanced, although he may come out a-head, and the purse be awarded to the next best nag." Independence poled himself on the first turn in the 2d heat.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall's ch. h. *Independence*, pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1
John Loring's b. h. *Sir William*,* by Sir William, dam by Alexander, aged.....	dist.	
F. A. McWilliams' s. h. *Jack Downing*, by Sir Charles, out of Duchess, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time not kept. * Let down.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10—Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

John Loring's b. m. *Mary Ellen*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention, aged.....	1	1
C. F. M. Noland's b. m. *Charline*, by Pacific, dam by gray-tail Florizel, 4 yrs.....	2	dis
R. C. Hawkin's br. h. *Uncas*, by Desha's Randolph, dam by Dungannon, aged.....	3	dis

Time, 6:37½—6:46.

The track, which is 30 yards over a mile, was exceedingly heavy the two last days.

D. B. GREER, *Secretary*.

FAYETTEVILLE (Arks.) FALL RACES.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5, 1837—Purse $157, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 80lbs.—4, 91—5, 105—6, 112—and aged 120lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Hawkins & Ferguson's br. h. *Uncas*, by Desha's Randolph, dam by Dungannon, aged.....	walked over.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Purse $157, free for all ages; weights as above; Mile heats.

Capt. G. W. Duval's bl. m. *Morgiana*.....	1	1
John Moore's s. c. ——.....	2	2
Maj. E. Rector's *Metamora*.....	dist.	
James A. Scott's b. g. *Henry Sweat*, by Sir George, dam by Wonder, aged.....	dist.	

Time not given.

This would have been a hard contested race but for an accident—a loose horse in the track ran against Henry Swear, at the head of the last stretch, and jostled him so that he threw his rider. Metamora's rider checked up to prevent him from striking the same horse, and running over the rider of Henry. Metamora cramped after starting for the 2d heat, and was stopped. But for the accident his friends were very sanguine.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) FALL RACES,

TUESDAY, Dec. 5, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Six subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's f. *Emily* (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.....	1	1
L. Lovell's ch. c. *John Guedron*, by Old Bertrand, dam by Percussion.....	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6—Purse $400, free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's gr h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 5 yrs...	0	1	2	1
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs..	3	2	3	2
Morrison & Harrison's b. h. *Southerner*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 4 yrs.....	0	3	1	3
W. Eddings' h. *Cooper*, by Medley, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	drawn			
J. H. Adams' gr. c. *Leiber*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	drawn			

Time, 3:55—3:59—4:02—4:01.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7—Purse $700, $200 to be given to the 2d best horse in the race, free for all ages; weights as above; Three mile heats.

Capt. Rowe's b. f. *Leannah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs.....	2	3	1	1
J. Morrison's gr. f. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	4	1	2	2
Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. *Gorew*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs.....	1	2	3	3
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Milwaukie*, by Bertrand, out of Rowena by Sumter, 4 y	5	5	4	*
G. Edmondson's ch. f. *Ione*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 3 yrs.	3	4	dist.	

Time, 6:03—6:03—6:01—6:06. * Ruled out.

FRIDAY, Dec. 8—Purse $1500, $500 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race; free for all ages; weights as above; Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 3 yrs..	1	1
J. Morrison's gr. c. *Kite*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs.....	3	2
Capt. D. Rowe's s. g. *Clodhopper*, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 4 yrs.....	4	3
J. H. Adams' ch. g. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs.....	2	dr

Time, 8:04—8:01.

TARBORO' (N. C.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, 21st Nov, 1837, and continued four days.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21, 1837—Match, $200 a-side, Mile heats.

Mr. Wynn's b. f. *Polly Carey*, by Imp. Luzborough.....	1	2	1
David McDaniel's bl. c. *Envoy*, by Mons. Tenson, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	2	1	2

Time, 2:01—2:05—2:09.

The first heat was a very close thing, and won by 18 inches only. The 2d heat Envoy won cleverly by a length, but lost the next by nearly as much.

It was the opinion of many of the gentlemen who saw the race, that Envoy could, and should have won in two straight heats—at any rate, they considered the third heat actually thrown away by his jockey. Suspicions of foul play were somewhat too rife in regard to this jockey.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22—Purse $150, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. f. *Susan Lindsay*, by Marion, dam by Fantail, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
David McDaniel's b. m. *Lady Bitter*, by Marion, dam by Truxton, 5 yrs.....	3	2	
J. K. Bullock's ch. c. *Uncas*, by Eclipse, dam by Shawana, 4 yrs.....	2	dis	
J. C. Claiborne's b. m. *Mary Lisle* was entered, but being amiss, was.....	dr		

Time, 4.12—4:09.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23—Purse $350, free for all ages, weights as above, Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's ch. c. *Mediator*, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....	1	1	
David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs.....	4	2	
Joshua K. Bullock's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archie, 3 yrs.....	2	bolt.	
Wm. M. West's b. c. *Johnny*, by Mons Tonson, dam not given, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.	
J. C. Claiborne's ch. c. ch. by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.....	5	dist.	

Time, 6:06—6:04.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24—Handicap Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as above: Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. C. Claiborne's b. f. *Mary Lisle*, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs.....			1	1	1
David McDaniel's b. h. *Pioneer*, pedigree above, 5 yrs.....			5	5	2
Wm. M. West's b. c. *Johnny*	"	"	4 yrs.....	2	3	3
E. J. Wilson's ch. c. *Mediator*	"	"	4 yrs.....	3	2	4
J. K. Bullock's ch. c. *Uncas*	"	"	4 yrs.....	4	4	5

Time, 1.58—1:59—1:57.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM FLORIDA.

HICKSTOWN, Nov. 15, 1837.

MR. EDITOR,—Our Jockey Club races come on at Tallahassee on the 20th December, when I look out to see right good fun and royal sport. We were unable last year to have any regular races; Oseola and his band of red boys gave us in the summer of that year too much of the "bear squeeze" to think of pastimes or amusements in the winter. But, the Lord *willing*, and the Indians *permitting*, we shall before long have quiet peace and smiling plenty once more in our Territory. I have for the last two or three years thought of nothing else but rifles, the scalping-knife, and midnight butcheries, with the frantic scream of mother and child for hopeless aid in their hour of death, by the Indian's bloody hand. Yes, my head has been crammed "pop full" of Indians, so that I could think of nothing but Indians. This, though, is not to my subject.

I commenced to write you something about the races and horses of this Territory. This Indian war (once more I shall tire you out with Indians) has almost broken up our racing and the raising of the blood horse in Florida. Our citizens were getting very much in the spirit to rear fine animals for the Turf at the beginning of the war, (another time); but the Indians, with unfeeling barbarity, smashed up all our fine-built and growing hopes into brick-bat dust and scissors. As to speed and bottom, and the laurels we were yet to reap, by turning our attention more to the rearing of "good 'uns" for the Turf next year, I expect there will be some of the right sort brought to Florida in the way of horse flesh, and then we will have better races, better horses, better purses, &c.

The first day of the races at Tallahassee will be for three year old colts; it will be a pretty little affair; there are five entered, and two or three of them look as tough as hickory, limber as a black-jack, and keen as—as—the wind. They would not disgrace any Course by contending on it for the honors of the day. The other days of racing I cannot say anything about until I see them. Gen. B., of Tallahassee, has a stable in training, so has Mr. H., and so has another Mr. H., all of the same town. It is said also that Col. P., of N. Florida, will attend with some of his stable, and one or two more gentlemen will have nags to "run for it," (the purses.) And the ladies will also be there to take a peep, and grace our sport with their piercing black, and soft blue eyes; we have the loveliest and prettiest ladies in Florida—can beat anything in the Northern States all hollow. It is a strange circumstance if a lady visits Florida—it makes no difference how ugly she is—by the time she stays here one year, she will become to be "passing well" in beauty. Singular influence this country has upon the loveliest of God's creation.

I have written all I know, and little and scattering it is, about the blood horse and turf matters in Florida; sorry am I to say so, but the old motto is, "never whip the devil round the stump," or pretend to know more than you really do. We, too, as well as the "big folks" abroad, have our races and race horses at the mighty and flourishing city of Salt Petre, the capital of Madison Co. I will give you an insight into them some of these "odd" days; their crack nags are the Wool Winder, Sleepy Sam, Pete, Paddy of Cork, a little mare, and a number of others. I now remember one of their best,—the race was a quarter, and the stake was a long lead pencil against a short one and a button. Short pencil and button won the race, and the judges gave in the time 47½ sec.; quite sewere, as Sam Weller would say.

There are as many odd characters in this country as in any other, the "Far West" not excepted. There is a family of Peters who live in this city, and are the great bear killers of all Florida. One of them told me a bear story on "election day," at a dinner given by one of the candidates. I came near "splitting" with the effort to refrain from laughter. He is a stoop-shouldered fellow, with his chin resting upon his bosom; while eating, you could just see the top part of his head. To the story: I will relate it in his own words, as near as my memory serves me.

"Me and a nigger once went out a bear hunting, with an old dog who didn't have a tooth in his head. Well, we got to the bear range, and the old dog, he started an old she bear. Well, he run her a long time and at last he treed her. Me and the nigger was goin' up, when the old bear she saw us, and down she came, and the old dog he run her about forty yards furder, and up a big white rock *he put her*; the old bear she was comin' down, when the nigger he fired at her and missed her, and she fell out, and the old dog, who didn't have no tooth in his head, *he covered her*; and sich a scraping in the leaves I never seed. Thinks I, you are a dead dog now; but the old bar she got away from him, and the old dog he run her through the hammock about sixty yards furder, and up a white pine *he put her*. I seed the old bear, she was mighty wild; I slipped along until I gits in forty yards of the tree, and I sees the old bear she was lookin' round the tree for me and the nigger, and I up'd with my old muskit, and I puts seven buckshot and one bullit in her, and down the old bear she fell, and the old dog *he covered her*."

Talking about shining deers and bears' eyes by fire-light, it was said that the bear's eye did not shine so well as the deer's. "Yes," says old man Peters, "dat is de fac, de bear's eye is very dimly."

M. OF FLORIDA.

We are informed that Priam will make his next season at his old stand, near Richmond, Va., on his old terms.

BENBOW.

CAMDEN (N.J.) Dec. 4, 1837.

SIR—Perhaps you are not informed of the reason of *Benbow's* not appearing at the last Camden races, to run in his engagement there, of $500 entrance, against *Picton* and others; if not, I will state, that two nights before he was to run in his first sweepstakes at Tree Hill, in October last, a villainous free negro (as Benbow's owner has good reason to believe) went into his stall and cut his right fore leg severely with a knife, which not only prevented his running, but he could not take any exercise whatever except walking. What motive the fellow had for it, unless it was to gratify some revenge, I am unable to conceive. I can hardly believe he was bribed to do so, at least by any white person, although many of those free negroes are so perfectly unprincipled that they could be bribed for a few dollars to inflict the most serious injury, if there was a fair prospect of their not being found out. When it became generally known that Benbow had received an injury and would not start at Tree Hill, there existed great disappointment among the people, mingled with sympathy for the misfortune. The worthy and respectable turfman, Wm. M'CARGO, Esq., has gone South (South Carolina and Georgia) with a string of some five or six good ones, mostly three year olds, and Benbow among them, backed by STEELE, VOLNEY, &c.; he will make some of the Southern horses, before he is done with them, dance to a step so brisk, they had not been accustomed to, good as they undoubtedly are; but the Southrons are both gallant and generous, and nothing gratifies them more than to have stables from the Old Dominion and elsewhere come amongst them. STANYAN.

BOAT CLUBS.

The Aquatic Club of Georgia has not yet withdrawn its challenge to our New York cracks, to row a straight mile, for $10,000 aside, $2000 ft. The Georgia boat is named *The Lizzard*, and it will be observed by the following from *The Advocate*, published at Brunswick, Ga., that our Clubs cannot take the exception raised last Fall on account of the color of the crew of the Georgia boat.

But if we mistake not, it is contrary to the rules of our Association, that any of its members should row for money.

THE AQUATIC CLUB OF GEORGIA.—The challenge which this club published to the New York boatmen has never been noticed in any official manner. A gentleman of this city met some of the Whitehallers during the summer, and learned from them that they would not consent to row against black servants; but if the gentlemen of Georgia would row their boat, the case would be different. The challenge of the Georgia Club says nothing of the rowers, and the New Yorkers would have avoided the injury their reputation has suffered had they made inquiries of the proper persons. We are authorized to say that the Lizzard shall be manned by gentlemen, who, we warrant, shall be the equals of the Knickerbockers in bone and muscle, blood and sinew.

We have clipped from the Louisville Journal the following record of some very fine shooting. It is not entirely comprehensible to us, but what we can understand, beats our own private exploits; albeit, in *days lang syne* we sported the rim of a cent, whence a bullet sped under our own auspices, had rent its central blazonry.

TAYLORSVILLE, Ky., Nov. 6th, 1837.

Gentlemen.—We send you an exhibit of the Rifle Match that took place here some weeks since. We were anxious to have sent it sooner, but some of the boys here would not have it published until the match came off at Winchester. Our match was largely attended by spectators, but by only a few marksmen.

The shooting was splendid—nothing in the annals of marksmanship can beat it. The first day's match was not so very good; the wire edge had to be taken off on that day. Distance of the match 100 yards. The number of entries the first day were ten. Only three of the matches were good. Mr. Murray, of Spencer, the winner, made his match in 2 1-16 inches from centre. F. B. Mattlin, of Spencer, in 2¼ 1-16 from centre. Edward Swan, of Spencer, in 2⅞ inches—the other matches varying 2¾ 3½ and 4 inches.

A banter was made on Monday evening, by Jno. Brown, Jr., and Mr. Riser, of Nelson, and Messrs. Talbot and Newland, of Louisville, to shoot 100 yards against 4 Spencer boys the next morning, for $100 aside—the 2 best matches to take the money. The match came off on Tuesday morning, and we defy the world to show such shooting as was made on that match. The two contending shots on each side were:—

Wm. Polk, and A. W. Calvert, of Spencer—Jno. Rowan, Jr., of Nelson, and — Newland, of Louisville.

The Spencer Boys won it; but, as the Dutchman said, "by a d—d tight squeeze." The matches came off as follows:—

W. Polk made his match in 2 inches from centre.			
A. W. Calvert,	"	2⅞	"
John Rowan, Jr.,	"	1⅝ 1-16	"
— Newland,	"	2⅞	"

For the Second Day's Match, 150 yards, there were 8 entries. Owing to the $100 match a-side having been shot in the morning, this day's match was changed from the eight best in fifteen, to six best in eleven. Spencer again victorious.

FROM SPENCER.

Edw. Swan, winner, made his match in 3 inches from centre.			
E. B. Brown, of Nelson,	"	4⅞	"
A. W. Calvert, of Spencer,	"	5⅛	"
John Rowan, Jr., of Nelson,	"	5⅞	"
Wm. Polk, of Spencer,	"	6¼	"
— Talbot, of Louisville,	"	8½	"
— Newland,	"	9⅛	"

Matthis did not shoot out.

Third Day, 200 yards, 13 best in 25—Eleven entries—Spencer against the world!!!

SPENCER.

Edward Swan, winner, made his match in 6¼ 1-16 from centre, 23 in circle, 9 in bull's eye.

A. W. Calvert made his in 8 1-16 from centre, 24 in circle, 8 in bull's eye.—The farthest of the 24 shots were in 14 inches from centre.

NELSON.

E. B. Brown made his in 8¼ inches from centre, 23 in circle, 5 in bull's eye.

John Rowan, Jr., made his in 8¾ inches from centre, 24 in circle, 6 in bull's eye. The 25th shot out of the circle ¾ of an inch.

SPENCER.

Wm. Polk made his in 9 inches from centre, 24 in circle, 7 in bull's eye.

Connelly, Newland, Talbot and Swope not measured. Matthis and Murray did not shoot owing to the Battery not being long enough to admit their targets. Thus you will perceive Johnny Bull has been beaten handsomely. We would have been pleased to have seen all the shots in one of the matches, but luck was otherwise. A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. The circle mentioned in the 200 yards match, is three feet in diameter, and the bull's eye 11 inches in do. The Judges' names are Mark E. Huston, of Spencer County, Isaac Stone, of Nelson do., and Dr. J. F. Berkhead of Spencer county, Ky.

Pony Racing at Camberwell.—Mr. Hall of Camberwell, at the solicitation of his friends, intends giving on Wednesday next a final day's trotting for the season, when a silver quart tankard, for horses of any weight, will be run for. It will be open to all England, weight for inches. A silver cup will also be trotted for by galloways not exceeding 13 hands 2 inches, to carry 8 stone; seven lbs. allowed for every inch under. The winners of the cups in the late racing will not be allowed to start. As so many challenges are daily given, and the rage for trotting so great, this will afford an excellent opportunity for gentlemen to try the merits of their horses. The silver tankard, which was trotted for at Hall's ground, about a month since, and in which a dispute arose as to whether Mr. Burford's Stranger, or Mr. Chester's bald-faced cob was entitled to the prize, has been given up to Mr. Burford, the Steward having decided that The Stranger went round the requisite number of times.

PINNING AN ALLIGATOR.—One of these huge creatures was discovered basking on a bank in the river, a short distance ahead of our vessel. He was observed by two natives in a canoe, who immediately paddled to the opposite side of the bank, and having landed, crept cautiously towards him. As soon as they were near the animal, one of the natives stood up from his crouching position, holding a spear about six feet long, which with one blow he struck through the animal's tail into the sand. A most strenuous contest immediately ensued, the man with the spear holding it in the sand as firmly as his strength allowed, and clinging to it as it became necessary to shift his position with the agility of a monkey; while his companion occasionally ran in as opportunity offered, and with much dexterity gave the animal a thrust with his long knife, retreating at the same moment from within reach of its capacious jaws as it whirled round upon the extraordinary pivot which his companion had so successfully placed in its tail. The battle lasted about half an hour, terminating in the slaughter of the alligator, and the triumph of his conquerors, who were not long in cutting him into pieces, and loading their canoes with his flesh, which they immediately carried to the shore and retailed to their countrymen. It is evident that the success of this plan depended on the nerve and dexterity of the man who pinned the animal's tail to the ground; and his contortions and struggles to keep his position were highly ridiculous and entertaining. Laird and Oldfield's African Expedition.

A woman who was scolding her brats for some pranks, exclaimed, "Well, you little villains, if I can make nothing of you, I'll tell *both of your fathers.*"

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday last Mr. Isaac Sadler's brood mare, Artichoke, (Delusion's dam), was found dead in the paddocks. On being opened she was found to have a colt foal by Defence. Her death was caused by apoplexy.

Colonel Peel has sold Arsenic to Mr. J. Day.

At the Charborough races, on Friday week, the Silver Cups given annually by Mr. Drax, were decided as follows:—The Tenant's Cup was won by a horse belonging to Mr. Crocker, in two heats; and the Yeomanry Cup by Mr. Harding's Cock Robin, in two heats.

The whole of the stakes for the grand match between Mr. Thomson's Camarine and Mr. Ganad's Baloon, to come off over Mickleham Downs, on the 6th November, was made good after an excellent sporting dinner at Mr. Lumley's, at Epsom, yesterday.

Extraordinary Leap.—On Monday last, *Lochinvar*, a well-known hunter, the property of Charles Fitzgerald Higgins, Esq., of Trafalgar Park, in the west of Ireland, who was turned out in a soft marsh for the summer, seeing some other horses in the adjoining field, after galloping up and down once or twice, turned short and cleared the Park wall, which, on measurement by Mr. Higgins and a friend, who happened at the time to be present, was found to be seven feet eight inches high, and a solid built wall.

Shooting Match.—The match for a silver-mounted powder-horn, presented by Mr. Thomas Kennedy to the Kilmarnock Rifle Club, took place on Monday week, at Southdean. Considerable interest was attached to the match from the distance being two hundred yards off hand, instead of one hundred, as usually practised by the Club. After a spirited competition, in which several of the junior members distinguished themselves, the horn, with its splendid accompaniments, which also bore a suitable inscription, was won by Mr. John Stewart, ironmonger, with his rifle improved by Mr. Kennedy.

At Swayne's, the Stag inn, Wandsworth road, on Tuesday, Mr. Mayne and Mr. Richards shot a match, the latter having two dead birds given him out of 12; Mr. Richards was the winner by one bird. Several other matches also took place, in one of which a gentleman, who was looked upon as a "novice," had backed himself to kill six out of twelve; he, however, killed eleven, and made his opponents look blue at the result.

The Barrel Match.—The man who performed the task of moving on an ale cask from the Adelphi Theatre to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, is again backed to do the same feat in ten minutes, for 10*l*. Five pounds a-side were deposited on Thursday night, at the Heathcock, Heathcock Court, Strand, and the remainder of the money is to be put down to-morrow evening, at the same house. The match is to come off on Tuesday, and the performer is to be allowed to fall off three times during his progress.

HOLYWELL HUNT RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837.—A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1833; colts 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb.; Two miles; produce to live one week or no forfeit; those got by untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce never won before the day of naming, allowed 3lb., but only one allowance; eight subscribers.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. c. *Bangalore* (mare untried)..... walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 5lb. One mile and a half. Three subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *Pantomime*..... walked over.

The *Pongwern Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, 10 ft., for 3 year olds, 7st. 9lb., and 4, 8st. 9lb. One mile and three quarters. Three subs.

Lord Mostyn's *Trapball*, 4 yrs..... rec'd ft.

The *Chieftain Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The Mostyn Mile. Four subs

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. c. *Bangalore*..... Darling. 1

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *Pantomime*..... 2

Even betting; a good race, and won by a head.

The *Champagne Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., the last half mile; the winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club. Four subs.

Sir T. Stanley's *Picaroon*, by Voltaire, out of Inheritor's dam..... Templeman. 1

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Captain Pops, by Priam, out of Valve..... 2

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. sister to Mona's Pride..... 3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Picaroon, 3 to 1 agst. sister to Mona's Pride, and 4 to 1 agst. Captain Pops. Won easily at the finish.

The *Mostyn Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, 7st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6, 9st.—and aged 9st. 3lb.; the Mostyn Mile; 25 subs.

Mr. Bird's b. c. *Redshank*, 4 yrs..... C. Edwards. 1

Mr. Hammond's Nell Gwynne, aged..... 2

The following were not placed:—Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Wentworth, 4 yrs.; Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime, 6 yrs; Sir T. Stanley's gr. f. Violet, 3 yrs.; and Mr. Phillips's ch. f. The Maid of Monton, 3 yrs.

Before we describe the race it may not be amiss to give a few particulars of Redshank's movements during the three or four days previously. On Friday afternoon (the 13th) he won the Queen's Plate at Nottingham, after which he was delivered over to the sole management of Mr. Arnold, who, accompanied by Charles Edwards, walked him the same evening to Derby, sixteen miles. On Saturday he walked to Sutton, thirty-five miles, about seven miles short of Birmingham. On Sunday morning he walked to the railway station, about nine miles, steamed it to Hartford, sixty-five miles, walked to Chester, stopt there half an hour, and then walked to Harding, where he rested that night, having steamed sixty-five, and walked about thirty-two miles. On Monday he walked to Holywell, twelve or thirteen miles, a very hilly country, where he arrived safe and sound at two o'clock.

The betting at starting was 5 to 4 agst. Birdlime, 5 to 2 ag. Redshank, and 15 to 1 ag. Nell Gwynu. Violet took the lead at a strong pace, followed by Maid of Monton and Birdlime, Redshank lying at their heels till they had gone half a mile, when, finding the pace not good enough, Charles Edwards steered his horse through those in advance, and took up the running, Birdlime dropping off about this time. Violet ran in company with Redshank to the cross road, about a quarter of a mile from home, where she gave up, and Redshank went on by himself into the distance, the odds being then 5 and 6 to 1 on him; Nell Gwynn however, came out here, and half-way up got alongside—a splendid race followed, the horse winning in the end by a neck only; Birdlime was about three or four lengths behind Nell Gwynn. Very great credit is due to Mr. Arnold for having taken the horse so long a journey in so short a time, and without taking any thing out of him. C. Edwards rode him with a delicacy and nerve worthy of his name.

BRITISH YACHT CLUB--CLOSING OF THE SEASON.

Yesterday (Saturday) week the members of the British Yacht Club closed their season by their annual excursion down the river. This club was founded some years since on the breaking up of the "Coronation Fleet," and numerous matches from the Temple Gardens to Wandsworth Meadows and back, and also from Greenwich to Gravesend, and up the river again to the Royal Hospital, have emanated from it; the prizes invariably being handsome and valuable Silver Cups and Covers. The society was always conducted with spirit, although its success has fluctuated occasionally; and at one time it was considered that it would fall to the ground altogether; but we rejoice to state that it never was in a more flourishing and prosperous condition than at the present period. The Lilliputian Fleet has received of late numerous additions, and many gentlemen having first-class yachts have recently become members of the club, with a view no doubt principally to promote sailing matches among some of the finest small-class yachts in the United Kingdom. At the last meeting of the club eight or nine gentlemen were added to the list of members, and we understand that nearly as many more either have or will be proposed for ballot on the ensuing monthly night. The yachts yesterday week rendezvoused at Greenwich at an early hour in the afternoon, and as the weather was exceedingly favorable to aquatic excursions, a large number of the members and their friends assembled on the occasion. The Commodore, J. Weston, Esq., hoisted his flag on board the Vestris; and among the yachts that came to anchor off the Royal Hospital, we noticed—Mr. Harvey's Secret, Mr. Smith's Lady Louisa, Messrs. White and Everett's Fortitude, the Moor Park, and several others, containing members of the club, and a host of the admirers of equatic sports. The Yda, which has lately been added to the list of vessels belonging to the club, had not arrived from a cruise to Ramsgate, or she would have been present; but one of her owners and several gentlemen accompanied the party to Erith, where the fleet came to anchor for the night. As usual, the Crown Inn was the head quarters, and in the evening the long-room was crowded with as convivial and "right merrie" a party as any yatcher would wish to join and spend the evening with. After a substantial "spread" had been partaken of, the Commodore took his station at the head of the table, and having called upon a gentleman well known for his good-looking and good-humored countenance and "jolly" appearance, to be Deputy Chair, the song and bottle went round in rapid succession, interspersed with toasts and eulogiums on those gentlemen who had by their exertions materially tended to promote the objects of the Club, and keep it floating on Old Father Thames, in a successful and prominent manner. Many a good song was sung, and many a good thing said, and the majority had not retired to their "hammocks" when the clock began to strike "little ones." Notwithstanding the late or rather early hour at which the company "steered" to their respective berths, all of them were "up and stirring" shortly after six o'clock, when the vessels again got under weigh, and proceeded down the river. It was a heavenly morning, with not "a breath the blue wave to curl," and, although for the want of a breeze favorable to sailing, yet the rays of bright Sol and the cloudless sky, cheered the hearts of all, and many who are not in the habit of rising thus early in town, came to the resolution of never again wasting so much valuable time when so delightful and healthful an excursion could be obtained by getting out of "their nests" a few hours earlier than usual. After the tide had turned, a light breeze sprang up, which enabled the vessels to stem it and reach Gravesend, and ultimately Holyhaven and other ports. Several of the yachts returned to London on the following day, while others extended their cruise until Tuesday, the weather throughout being exceedingly propitious. The club will hold their monthly meeting on the last Wednesday in the present month—(October).

[For the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

THE COUNTRY BALL.

N—— is a thriving town, a Scotch dozen of miles from New York, on the sisterly shores of Nassau Island. A pleasant variety of hill and dale is found within its precincts, likewise glorious old woods, rambling over the crests of hillocks, and now and then crowning some peculiar rock with their feathery cincture. How often have I been a nutting under the hickory trees behind the gray church tower, as pretty a bit of picturesque architecture as you will find this side of old England. How the deuce such a gothic gem could have gleaned upon the muddy fancies of a Low Dutch architect, I can't for my soul imagine. Leaving this point, however, to metaphysicians, I will proceed with my pen-and-ink sketch. You enter the village by a winding road, bordered by luxuriant elms, and trot your horse (supposing you to be journeying *en cavalier*) along a broad street, peeped upon by pretty faces that peer from the latticed casements of many a Dutch mansion, standing gable-wise to the street, like a rich old fellow giving a cold shoulder to the world. Many a modern edifice may there be seen, rising in stately grandeur above its neighbors, in all the pomp of snow-white columns, broad piazzas, and aspiring cupolas. These, however, I pass over, having a genuine contempt for everything new, while my heart, like a staunch conservative, clings to old houses, old friends, old wines, and—no—*not* old women. And now, dear charming reader, having mounted on my hobby, I have taken you *en croupe*, and no entreaty will prevent my carrying you whither I list. But do not be afraid, I am not going to run away with you; and to prove my good intentions, suppose I rein up, and permit you to dismount at the door of this promising inn. You observe that the device upon the sign-board is a merchantman under press of canvass, sailing over a marvellously green sea, with a smart captain standing at the tiller, somewhat taller than the mainsail. That was painted at the express request of old Oloffe Van Hammerhorn, one of the patriarchs of the village, and it was conceded to represent an Indiaman of five hundred tons, owned and commanded by his only son. She sailed out of the harbor of New York one sunny *Friday*, with a fair wind, and a gallant crew. Old Oloffe stood on his stoop, with glass in hand, and watched her as she breasted the blue waves off Staten Island. He saw her when she was a little speck on the billowy horizon, and then she faded away like a cloud, mingling with the sunny mist of the distant ocean. It is a melancholy tale.—She never returned to her native home: she went down while in a foreign port, with every soul on board.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

It was the tragedy of that ill-fated vessel acted over again. Old Oloffe died of a broken heart. And they tell you, too, of a fair-haired girl, who was betrothed to the unfortunate young sailor, and who lost her reason when the news of his death reached home. She used to sit for hours on a lonely headland, day after day, looking for her lover's bark on the pitiless ocean, till she pined away, and was laid in the cool grey shadow of yonder church tower. Is it not a sad tale to be connected with an old creaking sign-post and a tavern-door? Let us forget it and enter. The worthy landlord advances to meet us. After our ride, a glass or two of wine (and our host has some which is not more than three fourths vinegar) will not be unwelcome. Are you guilty of the sin of smoking? Right. I honor you for the dereliction. We will purchase a few *principes*, and then retire to a private room. By the way, what would Alexander Severus, who punished a favorite for selling smoke, inflict upon the tobacco-merchants of New York, supposing him alive—elected to the Presidency, and possessing an unlimited control over the Senate? Come, draw your chair to the window, and while your eyes roam abroad in search of the picturesque, and you will find abundance of it in those dark blue surges shelving on the sparkling beach, I will tell you a tale connected with this legendary village.

There was a ball in this old tavern. The room in which it took place is yet devoted to such purposes, being a long narrow apartment, up stairs, furnished by a spring floor, and lighted by three windows and a chandelier. What a sensation is created by a ball in a country town, even when such things are not unfrequent! In how many sweet little hearts it stirs up the flutter of tremulous ecstacy, while manly bosoms feel an interest they disavow! Oh, the hurryings back and forth of dingy emissaries—the notes, ill-written and ill-spelt—the envoys extraordinary despatched to the city for French finery, unafforded by *the* store of the village! On the evening in question, every tallow-candle in the house was put in requisition, and there is even a tradition that some spermaceti were consumed. A young villager, who had heard of chalking a floor for a ball, had covered that of the hall with sundry ambiguous images, which he required to be recognized as American eagles, peonies, roses, and birds of Paradise. It was a very hot evening in July; the windows were consequently wide open, and although neither numerous nor large enough to ventilate the room, they admitted a draught from the water, which swayed the flames of the candles, and threatened to extinguish them. On an elevated platform were seated two or three injured Africans,—

Placed, like their sire Timotheus, on high,
With horse-hair fiddle-bows and teeth of ivory.

At an early hour the company began to flock into the ball-room: rustic beaux with boots and York tan gloves, pretty girls with large feet and fortunes, mingled with whom were one or two smart brokers' clerks from the city, and a volunteer officer in uniform—Captain Van Cornecracker, of the Patriotic Dragoons, with a light-horseman's fur cap on his head, attended by his inseparable satellite, Lieut. Van Wheeze, a small man in a coat evidently too loose for him. Two or three managers in very bright blue coats, and pumps very much too tight for them, were rushing about, creating the utmost confusion, apparently for the sole purpose of putting themselves into a violent perspiration. These gentlemen were Mr. Minnit and Mr. Fox, (from the city,) and Mr. Van Parchopper, a native. The above-mentioned Africans had long ago rosined their bows, and could hardly be restrained from attacking their violins.

Some excitement was caused by the entrance of a fat, over-dressed lady, with two scroggy daughters, a young lady, and a little man, the last two following in her rear. This was Mrs. Peaquackit, who led the *amiable bon ton* of the village. Perhaps she had a right to the air of haughty superiority which she displayed in her countenance, for she had once lived in the city, where Mr. Peaquackit had amassed a fortune, and where she had acquired a smattering of French from a German, who had learned it of a Swiss. With this second-hand phraseology she interlarded her conversation, and boasted of having taught her daughters to speak equally well with herself. As for Mr. Peaquackit, he was a little inoffensive, henpecked man, whose very soul seemed a plagiarism, since he could not call it his own. Chaperoned by this *soi disant* queen of fashion, came a most lovely girl, whose manners and appearance formed a singular contrast to those of the coarse beings who surrounded her. No determined admirer of the brunette could have gazed upon the sunny wealth of her flowing tresses, the clear purity of her blue eye, and the alabaster whiteness of her neck and forehead, without retracting his opinions. She was neither too tall nor too short, and her figure possessed the full development of eighteen. Never did a plumper or smaller foot rest in a satin slipper than that which now patted the floor impatiently, as if eager to commence the dance; and could a sister's hand have rested for a moment on that young bosom, the heart of the little charmer would have seemed like a captive bird fluttering against the bars of the cage. So looked Miss Emily Ethering.

"How horrid hot!" cried Miss Jemima Peaquackit.

"Insupportable!" said Miss Evelina Peaquackit.

"You are right," observed their mother; "the *shaloor* is very distressing."

"Well, now, really I don't feel it," observed Mr. Peaquackit, quietly.

"Of course not," said his lady, with a sneer. "We don't expect you to feel anything."

"Pa never agrees to anything we say," snarled Miss Jemima.

"Why, my dears," stammered the poor man, "I merely spoke what I thought. However, I am convinced it is warm."

"Since I spoke," said Mrs. Peaquackit, "I think the weather's changed, and I wonder that the managers should have those windows open."

"So do I, my dear," cried Mr. Peaquackit, glad of an opportunity of shuffling in; "I feel quite hurt at their doing it."

"Why should you be so ready to fly out against those excellent men?" cried Jemima tartly, for she had flirted with Van Parchopper.

"My dear," exclaimed poor Mr. Peaquackit, "I hope I may be offended without any offence to you."

"This is nauseous, P. *Hallez-vous ong.* I suppose you don't know what that means?"

"Oh yes I do," said Peaquackit, submissively; "you've told me fifty times it means your room is better than your company."

And saying this, the henpecked husband quitted the hall to seek consolation in the bar-room.

And now one of the managers, who had been absent a few minutes, re-entered the room, bringing with him a young gentleman in the undress uniform of an officer in the army, whom he immediately introduced to Miss Ethering as Captain Calvert. Emily blushed deeply as her eyes encountered those of the young officer, from which Miss Jemima Peaquackit conjectured that he could not be a total stranger. Captain Corncracker, who had counted on the hand of Miss Ethering for the first dance, cast a very savage look upon the young soldier when his back was turned, but assumed an air of profound humiliation so soon as the stranger changed his position. The signal was given—the music resounded through the hall—the young soldier led off his partner, and the gallant Corncracker paired off with Jemima. Lieutenant Van Wheeze took heart of grace, and turning up the cuffs of his coat-sleeves, offered his ungloved hand to Evelina.

The dance was over. The mimic roses had vanished from the floor, and the gentlemen were retiring from the centre of the hall with their fair companions. There was a glass door which opened upon a long piazza, and through this Captain Calvert led his unresisting companion, who, languid with emotion and the heat of the room, felt the breeze of the evening grateful to her burning brow. No one followed them, for the superior attraction of refreshments was universally allowed.

"You are unwell, Emily," said Calvert, as she leaned heavily upon his arm; "you looked just now as pale as death."

"The surprise of meeting you here, Edward," replied the young lady, "has almost been too much for me. How can you venture to come into this neighborhood, when you know the inveteracy of my uncle towards you. You know he forbade my communicating with you, and had not accident detained him at home to-night, and placed me under the care of another person, I could not even have spoken to you."

"Ay, but Emily," said Calvert, "my prospects are now entirely changed. When I was only a poor cavalry officer, with nothing but my sword and cloak, your worldly uncle might well frown upon me; but the good old man who befriended me through his life is dead, and has bequeathed to me the bulk of his unencumbered property.

"Alas!" sighed Emily, "I fear that circumstance will have but little weight with my uncle, for his prejudices, when firmly rooted, can hardly be eradicated. Then his passions are so ungovernable, that I sometimes tremble for his reason. My aunt tells me that it was not always so with him. But you must be aware that he lost his only child at the age of six years in a most unaccountable manner. Many people imagined the child was stolen away by a mortal enemy of my uncle, who wished to strike a wound where it would rankle longest. But whatever he once was, he now hardly smiles, or gives utterance to a pleasant expression."

"I know it," cried the young soldier; "and I know he dislikes me because I am a nameless being—a mere waif on the waters of existence. But the bounty of the good old man who brought me up has now placed me in affluence, and I am determined to see your uncle, and claim your hand of him. I know that in the gentle heart of his wife I have an advocate."

"Oh! beware of using her influence," said Emily. "She is so much younger than himself—so beautiful—so gay—so thoughtless—I know not how to express myself, Mr. Calvert"——

"He distrusts her," interrupted the young soldier. "Well, at all events, I will call upon him in the morning; that will be the most honorable course; and if he consents—then, Emily!" cried the young man exultingly.

The raven mantle of night hid the blushes on the maiden's countenance.

"But," continued the lover, with vivacity, "suppose the worst—we are plighted to each other."

"I can never be yours without his consent," said Emily, seriously. "Harsh and hard he may have been to me at times, but he has been my sole protector, and I am an orphan."

"I honor you for your sentiments," said the young soldier, "and I will not anticipate an unfavorable termination of my embassy. And now, let us return to the ball-room, before our absence has been noticed."

He took her arm, and we will not aver that, taking advantage of the deep shadows of the building, he did not press the red lips of his mistress. But if he did, the lovely Emily did not rebuke him. Fair reader, what wouldst thou do in such a case?

* * * * *

On the morning after the ball, Mrs. Ethering was seated at her parlor-window, engaged with her needle. Now and then she raised her eyes to look at the vessels as they dashed over the blue waters of the bay upon their route to Europe. Her husband had gone out to shoot some sea-birds, and Emily was in her own room. The galloping of a horse was heard, and a young soldier, whose features she recognised at once, rode up and dismounted. Captain Calvert was shown into the parlor. As she had not yet learned from Emily the arrival of the young officer, Mrs. Ethering was very much surprised at his appearance. When, however, he informed her of his good fortune, of his honorable intentions, and his manly resolve to present himself to her husband, and press his claim to the hand of his niece, the countenance of the lady brightened up, and she promised the young man all her influence in the affair. Overpowered by a thrill of gratitude, Edward caught her hand and pressed it respectfully but repeatedly to his lips. At that moment the door of the room was flung wide open, and Mr. Ethering rushed in, his stern features expressing a demoniac rage.

"Villain!" he exclaimed to Calvert, "have I at last detected you? I have too long suspected this, and you have too long hugged yourself on your impunity. By heaven! your fate is sealed." And the furious man levelled the long-barrelled ducking-gun he carried at the young soldier.

"You are mad!" cried Calvert. "Put up your piece;—would you murder me?"

"No!" cried Ethering, flinging down the gun. "But, harke, youngster, a word or two with you. There are such things as pistols—twenty paces on the sandy beach, and a mutual discharge at *one, two, three!* What say you to the invitation? Speak out, for the lady, you see, has taken occasion to faint away, that being the prescribed ceremonial in these cases."

"Mr. Ethering," said Calvert calmly, "you are beside yourself. Had you injured me even more than by these causeless suspicions, I could never raise my hand against the relative of my betrothed bride."

"Captain Calvert," cried the other sternly, "do not allude to the pretended attachment which has served as a mask to your base intrigue. Tell me, with a soldier's frankness, will you fight or not?"

"Frankly, then, I will not. I will leave you to your reflections, and I trust that in your calmer moments you will do me justice. Farewell!"

"This shall not serve your turn!" vociferated Ethering. "If nothing else will rouse you, take that!" and he struck the young man a violent blow. The effect of this outrage was tremendous. At first Edward became deadly pale, then the blood rushed to his cheeks and brow, and burned and throbbed in his temples. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable, and when he spoke it was in a hoarse and altered voice.

"I am ready to attend you," he cried, "whenever and wherever you demand a meeting. By day or by night, with sword or with pistol, on foot or on horseback, I am ready to avenge my injured honor. Only name your time and place."

"Be it this instant," cried Ethering; "I will lead you to a retired part of the beach. Your horse is saddled, and mine is also ready. Let us mount without delay."

Leading the way from the room, he threw himself into his saddle, and galloped furiously along the beach, followed by Calvert on the spur, with the blood still boiling in his veins. Arrived at a solitary spot, they both dismounted.

"Recommend your soul to God!" cried Ethering; "and fire when I drop my handkerchief."

The soldier raised his eyes to heaven, but the prayer died upon his lips. His mind was confused—he only breathed for vengeance. The handkerchief dropped—both pistols exploded at once, and the gallant young officer weltered in his blood.

"I forgive you, Mr. Ethering," he gasped; "but believe me, I am innocent. When you think upon my death hereafter, check your violent passions ere they hurry you to greater crimes."

The repentant homicide kneeled in the sand above his dying victim. He opened his vest to give him air, but started back in horror. On the bosom of the slaughtered youth there was a mark he recognized too well. The discovery was fatal, for life forsook him in the single frightful cry he uttered:—"God of Heaven! I have killed my son!"

IMPORTED STOCK.

We expressed the hope last week of receiving a more particular account of the stock recently imported into Alabama. We now annex that portion of the importation made on account of Capt. Longford. We were happy to learn that they were all landed in fine condition, together with six yearling fillies for Dr. Nott. The Captain is unable to furnish us with the pedigrees of Dr. Nott's fillies, but we hope soon to receive them, and to give them a place in our columns.

We learn that all Capt. Longford's importation is for sale.

No. 1. *Stratford*, bay colt, 3 yrs., by Shakspeare, out of Pheasant, by Bustard; her dam Plaything, by Shuttle.—Vide Weatherby's Stud Book, vol. 4, page 244.

Shakspeare is now a very noted stallion in the United States; he ran 2d for the Derby, and his stock in England has been very successful.

No. 2. *Vanish*, bay colt, 3 yrs., by Vanish, out of Elephant's dam, by Shuttle; her dam by Oberon, out of the Engraver's dam, by Stride, sister to Sharper, by Ranthos.—Vide Weatherby's Stud Book, vol. 4, p. 288.

Vanish was a very successful race horse, and is now a very fashionable stallion in England.

No. 3. *Maid of Wirrall*, ch. m. by Battledore, out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel; her dam by Richardson's Marske—Rockingham—Eclipse.—Vide Weatherby's Stud Book, vol. 3, p. 222, do. vol. 4, p. 175. Maid of Wirrall was foaled in 1833, and is covered by Stumps, by Whalebone. She won in 1835, then 2 yrs. old, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, beating Olympus, Filly, Sam, King Cole, Bustard colt, Lander, and Ostade.—2 to 1 on Maid of Wirrall. Same year, at Newton, she ran second for the Goldborne stakes, beating a field of ten others; 5 to 2 against Maid of Wirrall. She started afterwards, but was unsuccessful, and was put to the stud.

It is stated in the New York Spirit of the Times that the thorough-bred mare Maid of Wirrall was imported in the Sardius, lately arrived in New York. This is a mistake: the 4 yr. old ch. mare imported is by Battledore, dam Mima, by General Mina, out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel. The above is the true Maid of Wirrall.

No. 4. *Bay Filly*, 3 yrs., got by Lottery, dam by Whisker, sister to Catterick, her dam by Bay Trophonius, grandam by Slope, out of Lardella, by Y. Marske.—Vide Weatherby's Stud Book, vol. 4, p. 338.

The above filly started this year at the Liverpool races, and was beat by a neck, after a very severe race for the 1st heat, and ran well up for the 2d heat.

No. 5. *Brown Filly*, 2 yrs., by Olympus, out of Sarah, by Whisker; her dam Jenny Wren, sister to Wagtail, by Y. Woodpecker; her dam Lady Cow, by John Bull—Drone—Lardella, by Y. Marske.—Vide Weatherby's Stud Book, vol. 3, page 182.

The above filly is covered by Sir Thomas Stanley's ch. h. Battledore, by Sir Oliver, out of Racket, by Castrel. Sir John Gerard gave 1000 gs. for Sarah; she won 22 prizes, and is now in the Hampton Court Stud. Olympus is by Blacklock.

No. 6. *Bay Yearling Filly*, by Birdcatcher, her dam by Phantom, out of Breeze, by Soothsayer, out of Blowing, by Buzzard—Pot-8-o's—Maid of All-work.—Vide Weatherby's Stud Book, vol. 4, p. 243. Birdcatcher is by St. Patrick;—St. Patrick won the St. Leger. Birdcatcher ran 2d for the Leger; Phantom won the Derby.

Also an English bred *Bull*, of the Durham stock.

The above valuable thorough-bred stock are just imported per ship Sherbrooke, in capital order, and are well worth the attention of sportsmen, and may be viewed at Mr. Stephenson's stables.—Terms liberal. Certified pedigrees given with each horse.

Mobile, Nov. 18, 1837.

THE ANGLER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

This day dame Nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move.
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines,
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled fly.
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his "Complete Angler" several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and moreover, that we were all completly bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year, but as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand, and sallied into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixotte from reading books of chivalry.

One of our party had equalled the Don in the fulness of his equipments, being attired cap-a-pie for the enterprise. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes, and leathern gaiters; a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod, a landing net, and a score of other inconveniences only to be found in the true anglers armory. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel clad hero of La Mancha among the goatherds of the Sierra Morena.

Our first essay was along a mountain brook among the highlands of the Hudson—a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties, enough to fill the sketch book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond-drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest filling it with murmurs; and after this termagant career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her house with uproar and ill humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming, and curtesying and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide at such times through some bosom of green meadow land, among all the mountains, where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a wood cutter's axe from the neighboring forest.

For my part, I was a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment," and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of a fish; tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait, broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.

My companions, however, were more persevering in their decision. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or where merely fringed by shrubs or bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream, as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the kingfisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect also, that after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills, with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as heaven shall help me! I believe a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earth worm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day.

In a window in Little Coram street, Russel square, a placard is exhibited on which is written, "Wanted a respectible yung femel to the abberdashery, on applications, perticklers will be ansered." In the same street a window "sports" two bills from which the following are correctly copied:—one, "Cubass siggars—memmurandum books, one penny and toopence a piece;" the other "A pursun gows out two washin and cleenin, and logins for a singul women at No. 3, Abbey place."

ANTELOPE AND TIGER SHOOTING.

I was sitting at breakfast one morning with my friend Billy. Billy is a bit of a sportsman in his way; he takes in the Maga, *of course* rejoices in a Purdy, and weareth breeches and gaiters. Billy has performed wonderful feats in his day, to believe his own accounts, and is fond of narrating them. For instance (Billy *loquitur*:)—"I was shoving along one morning with my friend Purdy, when I spied a herd of antelopes grazing quietly in a field a short way off, and determined to have a shot at them. The plain was as flat as the table, and to circumvent them I was obliged to creep along on my belly through the wet grass until I got within gun shot. But here I was in a hobble, for that beggar Ramdoss had not put any balls in my pouch; so what do you think I did? I dropped my small iron ramrod—you know my ramrod—into the right barrel, and blazed away. By Jove, Sir, it went through two of them as clean as a whistle, and pegged into the sand on the other side so deep that I had a 'bildar' digging away for nearly half an hour before he could find it! Here are their skins! And sure enough there were two antelope hides with five balls in them. Again; "I was shooting one day at ——poor, and was scrambling through a dense jungle, when I heard a devil of a splutter on one side of me, and turning round, by Jove, Sir, there was an elephant bearing down like mad. I up'd with my gun and fired; the shot took effect behind his ear, and down he came with a thud which was heard a mile off. Now, what do you think I had in the gun?"

"Oh, why I should have said a five pounder, only it's not usual to take one out a shooting; it must have been the ramrod."

"No, guess again."

"I give it up."

"Why, then, you must know it was snipe shot!"

"Snipe shot! Oh, oh, I suppose it *balled* him."

"Exactly."

But to my tale. Just after breakfast a buzz was heard in the compound, and in rushed Ramdoss, my friend's factotum; a fat little Brahmin, open-mouthed and eyed.

"Hey, now, what's the matter?"

Ramdoss could only reply—"A tiger! a tiger!"

"A tiger, fiddlestick! where?"

Ramdoss, as soon as he had recovered his wind, explained. A tiger had made his appearance at a village three coss off, to the no small astonishment of the inhabitants, had killed a bullock, and taken up his quarters in a baugh, where he then was. As no tiger had been seen in that part of the country for at least 20 years, there was some difficulty in digesting Ramdoss's tale, but it was confirmed immediately afterwards, and Billy determined to beat him up, and I could not help accompanying him; so off we set, our arms being Billy's Purdy, and the ramrod by my particular desire, my old double-barrelled, and an old pistol, which latter article Billy protested against stoutly. I confess, after we had got half way, I began to feel a kind of sensation in my epigastric region, not unlike what a man would feel on being told that his next door neighbor had died of the cholera, and I insinuated my doubts as to the "adwiseableness" of going about it on foot; Billy was bold as a lion, and would not give in.

On arriving at the village, we found it in a state of commotion, as it well might be, the bagh not being more than 400 yards distant. Cattle were pelting into it from all quarters; the old men were assembled in the chowpal, shaking their heads very wisely; and the young ones were pouring powder into their matchlocks in handsful, and ramming down by way of charge everything in the shape of iron they could lay hands on. Here then we held our consultation, and it was determined at last mem. con.—1st, that Billy should occupy a tree about ten paces in front of the entrance to the bagh; 2dly, that I should mount one at the corner of it; and thirdly, that the matchlock heroes might station themselves wherever they pleased, provided they kept off with their matchlocks at a respectful distance, so as to secure us from the effects of their explosion.

The bagh, I should tell you, was a small one, fenced round by an impervious bamboo-hedge of considerable height, with only one entrance by which the tiger had got in, and whence he must per force come out, if he came out at all. In front there were some scattered trees, and a few acres of grass of a good height; but with this exception, there was no jungle anywhere in the vicinity, so that the beast had shown some generalship in the location.

We made a valiant start, and on arriving at the ground, took our quarters as agreed on. I mounted my tree with a heavy heart, and Billy his with an alacrity and skill in climbing which put me in mind of Mathews' song:

Opossum up a gum tree
Up de go, up de go.

Here then we were, and silly enough we looked, for we had forgotten one essential—how we were to get the tiger out of the bagh, since it was not likely he would come for calling. This, after another conference, which Billy was obliged to descend again to preside at, was settled as follows:

The bagh being full of high grass, and the wind favorable, it was determined to set it on fire, when out he must come, unless he preferred a grilling. This was done in no time; the grass burnt fiercely, Billy and I settled ourselves in readiness with our guns to our shoulders, and expectation reigned.

This pause was a short one. A growl, which put me vividly in mind of Wombwell's menagerie, burst out close to my corner, and a moment afterwards the tiger bounded through the entrance, and turning sharp round, came at a swinging pace point blank towards my tree, without allowing Billy a shot at him. Firmly believing I was going to be converted into tiger's meat, I had just time to ejaculate, "Lord have mercy on my poor wife and family!" and forgetting my arm and gun, and everything else, attempted to scramble higher up. In the attempt I lost my gun, which fell to the ground. The concussion discharged both barrels, and their contents passed within a few feet of my station in the tree. The report, however, turned the tiger, who moved off towards Billy's tree. I had observed Billy a few moments before, and he appeared a little fidgetty then, but now he looked as blue as a cake of his best indigo. The matchlock heroes had absconded from their post in double quick time at the first growl, and I could see them bolting like mad men across the plain—only two, my poor fat friend Ramdoss, and another with an old flint and steel ramrod, by the trees at the end of the grass. Just at the moment of Billy's indecision, the latter discharged his pop-gun without effect, and the tiger, not fancying the joke, ran into him in an instant, and floored him with one pat of his paw. Now came Ramdoss's turn. I was in an agony of excitement and apprehension. Holding by the bagh, I screamed out, "Fly, fly for your life!" Alas! Ramdoss could not run, far less could he fly; he could only toddle, and the tiger was now within a few yards of him. Whether from sheer fear or apprehension I know not, but after a few steps he fell with his face to the ground with the fattest part of his person exposed to the teeth of the tiger. It he chose to have a steak now was the time, but luckily for Ramdoss, he had breakfasted already, and the fugitives raising a shout at the same moment, I was inexpressibly relieved by seeing Ramdoss get up and scuttle across the plain, and the tiger creeping back towards the bagh. "Now's your time, Billy, now for the ramrod! and Billy let fly very valiantly, and doubled the beast with a shot clean through the body, touching the back bone? and a second, duly administered on his attempt to recover himself, finished him. Billy loaded again, and put two more balls into him before I could venture to descend? We met near the tiger, and in the first rapture of my joy at my deliverance, I hugged him with an almost fraternal embrace. "Joy to you, Billy! I give you credit for your exploit, and I'll now believe, upon my honor I will, the elephant and ramrod stories, yes, and (greatly affected) everything else you tell me as long as you live."

Bengal Sporting Magazine.

QUACK MEDICINES.

The advertisements of various *quack* medicines which are now in vogue, are well hit off in the following extract from a puff in a late Cincinnati paper.

One single pill, worn in each pocket, will instantly give ease and elasticity to the tightest pantaloons. A like quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse. They will also be found to give rich flavor to apple dumplings, and a *peculiar* zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce corpulent persons, and are excellent bait for mouse traps. One pill dissolved in a bucket of rain water, will be found a perfectly water-proof lining for canal embankments; placed in steamboat boilers, they will effectually prevent their bursting, and greatly increase the speed of the boats. As for their medicinal qualities, they are justly entitled to be called "*Medicamentum Gracia Probatum*," id. est., a remedy approved by grace—for they effectually cool St. Anthony's Fire, and stop St. Vitus's Dance; they purify the pimples in the small pox, and radiate the red gum in teething; they reduce white swellings, and cure the black jaundice, green sickness, blue devils, yellow, scarlet, or any other colored fever: they cure also the thrush in children and the pip in hens, the staggers in horses and the nightmare in owls. But further enumeration is unnecessary: suffice it to say, that this medicine is a combination upon new principles, discovered by the present proprietor's immortal grandmother, and are an exception to all the rules of science, common sense and experience, so that while they are the most powerful agent in nature, revolutionizing the whole animal economy, and eradicating the most incurable diseases, they are at the same time a perfectly innocent preparation, and may be taken with entire safety by the nursing infant—all powerful, all harmless!

N.B. It is confidently believed, that one of the above pills, placed in the vault of every bank in the country, would cause an immediate resumption of *specie payments*.

Conflicting Creeds.—Most persons are aware that if a Protestant wishes to insult a Catholic, in our sister isle, he attains his object by using the epithet "Roman." Call a Catholic a "Papist," and he heeds you not: call him a "Roman," and his blood is up in an instant. Two old ladies of the "conflicting creeds"—a term well known in Ireland—were recently engaged in a controversy, which was on the eve of terminating in favor of Protestantism, when the advocate of Catholicism exclaimed, "Don't you take the blessed Testament as authority?"—"I do." "Wasn't Saint Paul *inspired*, my darlint?"—"That's true, sure enough." "Don't you know, jewel, that he wrote an epistle to the *Romans?*"—"Sure enough he did, mavourneen." "Now, can you just waken your memory, and tell me if he ever took the trouble to write to the *Protestants?*" This was a home-stroke, and the Protestant gave in.

London paper.

GLENCOE

WILL STAND during the next season (his second in the United States) at the residence of Mr. James Jackson, near Florence, Alabama. He will serve mares at $100, payable in the season, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be well kept there or in the neighborhood on reasonable terms.

PEDIGREE.

GLENCOE, bred by the Right Honorable the Earl of Jersey, foaled in 1831, was got by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, grandam Web (sister to Wire) by Waxey, g. grandam Penelope by Trumpator, g. g. grandam Prunella by Highflyer, g. g. g. grandam Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner—Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton—Darley Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb mare.

Glencoe was the first produce of his dam Trampoline; Web (his grandam) produced Filagree, Ruben's Junior, Adam's Middleton, Glenartney, Trampoline.

Penelope (g. grandam) produced Whalebone, Web, Woful, Wilful, Wire, Whisker, Waterloo, Wildfire, Windfall, Whizgig, Waltz, Wamba.

Prunella (g. g. grandam) produced Penelope, Parasol (dam of Partisan), Peleisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pope, Pledge (dam of Tiresias), Pawn, Pope Joan, Piquet, Prudence.

Promise (g. g. g. grandam) produced Patience, Peeress, Pallas, Prude, Prizefighter, Torbay, Peppermint, Prunella.

Julia (g. g. g. g. grandam) produced Probation, Pactolus, Prize, Promise, Princess.

Sultan (sire of Glencoe), by Selim, dam Bacchante by Williams' Ditto, grandam sister to Calomel by Mercury—Herod—Folly by Marske—Vixen by Regulus—her dam by Hutton's Spot—Fox—Cub—Bay Bolton—Cooneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerly Turk—Bustler.

Selim (grandsire, and brother to Rubens and Castrel), by Buzzard, dam by Alexander, her dam by Highflyer—Alfred—Engineer, Bay Malton, dam by Cade—Lass of the Mill by Old Traveller—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson—Burton's Barb Mare.

Buzzard (g. grandsire), by Woodpecker, dam Misfortune by Dux—Curiosity by Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood Arabian—True Blue's dam—Byerly mare.

DESCRIPTION.

Glencoe is a handsome chesnut; he measured, when thin, 15 hands 1¾ inches; is of the most unexceptionable form, and a perfect model of the race horse; of great length, power, and stoutness, combined with symmetry. His frame is larger for his height than any horse within our knowledge. We despair of doing him justice in a description. He made one season in England after becoming our property. He was patronised by many of the first men on the Turf—proved a sure foalgetter, and we are informed his stock are considered of the highest promise. Lord Jersey has entered a colt by Glencoe, out of Cobweb, in a 300 guinea Sweepstakes at the Beacon Course. He is now in full health and vigor. We subjoin his performances, with a few extracts, from the London Sporting Magazine, in relation thereto, and without a word of comment of our own. We omit much that is equally complimentary to the horse, and are induced to insert this chiefly as being due to those who bred from the horse last season, and who have not access to the English books, that statements from them favorable to their stock should be recorded.

PERFORMANCE.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834.

April 15—The first Tuesday's Riddlesworth stakes of 200 sovs. each, half forfeit, for the produce of mares covered in 1830. Ab. M. 12 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, by Sultan, 8st. 4lb	Robinson.	1
Sir S. Graham's b. f. Zulima		2
Lord Burlington's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Barossa		3
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan, out of Advance		4

Two to one on Glencoe.

At starting Glencoe took the lead at a moderate pace, was never headed, and won by two or three lengths, with Robinson standing in his stirrups and patting him on the neck as he cantered past the winning post!—*Sporting Magazine*, vol. 9, 2d series, page 58.

April 17—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. R.M. Nine subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. Plenipotentiary	Conelly.	1
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe		2

Six to four on Glencoe.

It was notorious that the contest in which nine were to take part was given up to the two big wigs; but will they divide the stakes or run? that was the question. It was a great national concern to see the two most superior horses of the year engaged in the Derby,—it put the question of their relative pretensions beyond dispute. It was soon no longer matter of uncertainty, and there was a rush to the ditch when they were saddling, and two such nags were enough to make any man stir his stumps for a peep.

The orders to each was to make all running; and Conelly told me he had never been so fast over that ground since he rode Priam over it.

At starting they both took off at an awful rate; in about a quarter of a mile I tshowed that it was not his best pace, so he went by Glencoe, of whom Robinson was making the best without hurting his horse; and thus the race ended at a rate of speed which those who were lucky enough to witness will long remember.—Second series, vol. 9, page 61.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting.

Monday, April 28, 1834—The Desert stakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit. A.F. 10 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, 8st. 7lb	Robinson.	1
Mr. Payne's b. c. Ganges, by Tigress, out of Luzborough's dam, 8st. 4lb		2

Five to one on Glencoe. Won by a length with ease.

Tuesday, April 29—Renewal of the 2000 guinea stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, half forfeit, for 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb. R.M. 28 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe	Robinson.	1
Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer, by Muley		2
Mr. Yates' ch. c. Bentley		3

Mr. Mills' b. c. brother to Kate; Lord Orford's b. c. Paris, by Waterloo, out of Posthuma; Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller, out of Trictrac, and Mr. Gully's Viator, also started but were not placed.

It may serve to say, perhaps, that the opinions I have given in my observations on the Derby and Oaks in your last number, are fully supported by the results of this week's running. Glencoe has proved himself, as I said he would, an *under rated* horse.—Page 102.

Epsom, May, 1833.

Thursday, 29th—Second year of the renewal of the Derby stakes of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit, for 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 2lb., a mile and a half, the owner of the second horse received 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner paid 100 sovs. towards the expense of the police. 122 subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. h. Plenipotentiary, by Emilius—Connelly		1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Shilelah, by St. Patrick		2
Lord Jersey's ch c. Glencoe by Sultan		3

Mr. Yates' ch. c. Bentley, Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius by Reveller, Mr. W. Edward's b. c. Intriguer by Reveller, Mr. Watt's b. c. Bubastes by Blacklock, Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Moreto by Gustavus, Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic by Reveller, Mr. Gully's gr. c. Viator by Stump, Mr. Sadler's b. c. Defensive, by Defence, Mr. Gardner's br. c. Comet by Whalebone, Duke of Rutland's br. c. by Bizarre, of Young Barrossa by Partisan, Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Nisus by Velocipede, Lord Oxford's br. c. Paris by Waterloo, Mr. Gratrex's br. c. by Lottery out of Trulla, Mr. Cosby's b. c. Stradbally by Waterloo or Reveller, Mr. Mills' b. c. brother to Kate, Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer by Muley, Lord Lowther's b. c. by Reveller out of Trictrae, Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle by Bedlamite, and Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Guardian, brother to Trustee, also started but were not placed.

Ascot, 1834.

June 11th.—For the St. James' Palace stake of 100 sovs. each. 18 subs.

Mr. Batson's Plenipo	Walked over.	
Lord Jersey's Glencoe	Withdrew his stake.	

June 12th.—Second year of the Royal stakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, 3 year old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. New mile. 9 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe	Walked over.	

Goodwood, 1834.

July 31st.—The gold cup, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, a subscription of 20 sovs. each with 100 added from the racing fund; the second horse received 100l. out of the stakes—two and a half miles. 40 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, by Sultan, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb	Nat.	1
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb		2
Mr. Forth's Famine, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb		3

Mr. Osbaldeston's The Saddler, 6 years, 9st. 12lb., Mr. Theobald's Rockingham, 4 years, 8st. 4lb., Mr. Kerby's ch. h. St. Giles, 5 years, 8st. 12lb., Col. Peel's Nonsense, 4 year, 8st. 2lb., Mr. Forth's b. f. Marpessa, 4 years, 8st. 7lb., Mr. J. Day's b. g. Burgomaster, 5 years, 8st. 6 b., and Mr. J. Day's b. g. by Spectre out of Liston's dam, 7 years, 7st. 9lb, also started but were not placed.

At the second attempt they got off tolerably well, Burgomaster leading and the gelding at the tail; Colwick next the stand; Glencoe among the thick of the throng. When they had got under the wood going out there was a "lengthened chain," the Saddler appearing to go, Marpessa getting to the head, and the length of string showing less palpably. At the turn down the hilling ground they were all on tolerable terms, Burgomaster and two or three others seeming however to have had enough. On the flat between the distance and the quarter mile post the tale of most was told; little Rogers taking it into his head that his chance was not out got well forward; but now came up Colwick and Glencoe, separating themselves from all the others half a dozen lengths, the race laying exclusively between these two. Opposite to the stand, Scott called upon his horse powerfully—Nat. never stirring his hands from his horse's withers; thus winning by three good lengths, literally in a canter, *as I always said he would*, and showing himself an extraordinary good horse, *as I always said he was*.

How long will men shut their eyes and stultify their understandings to public running or talk or listen to "Tom Noddy fooleries," that "a 3 year old never won the Goodwood cup," as if that were any reason one never should! Famine was third, and a good third too, that is as far as regards the lot behind, *another three year old*, none other placed. The new ground was very heavy, and the race must have been a terribly severe affair for limbs accustomed to the elastic sod of Newmarket.

August 1st, 1834.—The racing sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, last mile of the Drawing Room Stake Course. 10 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 8st. 13lb	Robinson.	1
Mr. Forth's Louisa, 8st 4lb		2
Mr. Sadler's Defensive, 8st. 7lb		3
Mr. Rush's Rebel, 8st. 7lb		4

Six and seven to one on Glencoe.

Glencoe carried 6lbs. extra as winner of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket. This honor had no effect on the betting; I saw a noble Lord and a noble Earl take 10l. each to return a hundred if the field won.—So much for the odds.

At the wood Flatman was making running at a killing pace with Rebel, Glencoe with James Robinson next. At the turn they were all abreast, Forth's next the rails, Norman doing his best. It was Glencoe's race, however, all through, Robinson holding him hard and winning as a canter.

Newmarket Second October Meeting, 1834.

Monday, 12th | The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each; T.M.M. 5 subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 3 yrs. 8st. 3lb	Robinson.	1
Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs. 9st. 5lb		2
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb		3

Six to four on Glencoe.

At starting George Edwards took off Colwick at the top of his pace, leading at least by 20 lengths through the Gap, Glencoe in the middle, with Glaucus hanging on his near quarter a length behind. That first mile and a half was done thus without any alteration, Colwick making all the play in his power for his confederates. Now, however, the game altered. Edwards had nearly run his horse to a stand still; he fell rapidly astern, and James Robinson, finding his horse mending on his second wind, let go his head for an instant and tried his stride.

I stood just where this part of the contest was acting. Never shall I forget their speed at that moment. Robinson now sought to give his horse a pull, but Glencoe had got his head up, and it required all the power and skill of his accomplished rider to find his mouth again. Scott now set to with his horse three distances from home, collaring his opponent, but never getting past his head, Glencoe winning with all ease by two or three lengths.

To all who have any experience of the 3 year olds of 1834, it is quite unnecessary to appeal for the character of Glencoe as a racer. Beyond a doubt, of those of his year he has shown himself the best by a vast superiority; indeed from his late performances he has shown himself the best horse in the world. Where is there one to be found to meet him at weight for age? Not in England assuredly.

The first of the running for the Derby was made by Intriguer at his best, and he is a superior horse at a short distance (more of him anon). Glencoe too, made play every stride of the Course, as it was known that the big horse was short of work, and it was intended the work should shut him up. How else are we to account for Shillelah defeating Glencoe, a better horse than he has since shown himself by a stone, except that he had upset himself early in the race, from the severity with which he forced the pace?—Vol. 10, second series, page 65.

Ascot, 1835.

June 18th—The Gold Cup of 300 sovs. value, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added from the fund, 3 year olds 6st 10lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 3lb. Mares allowed 3lb. To start at the Cup Post on the new mile and go once round, about two miles and a half. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. 36 subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, 4 yrs.	Robinson.	1
Sir E. Baker's ch. c. Bran, 4 yrs.		2
Col. Peel's ch. h. Nonsense, 5 yrs.		3

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shillelagh, 4 yrs., Mr. Cosby's br. f. Pussy, 4 yrs., Mr. Goring's ch. c. Bentley, 4 yrs, Mr. Forth's b. f. Famine, 4 yrs., Lord Jersey's b. f. Misnomer, by Merlin, dam by Phantom, and Mr Forth's Marpessa, 5 yrs., also started but were not placed.—Page 281.

Six to five on Glencoe, 9 to 2 against Bran, 7 to 1 against Shillelagh, 8 to 1 against Bentley, 12 to 1 against Famine, and 20 to 1 against Nonsense.

The business of this race is very interesting, and the exhibition one of great beauty. The constables rail off a large square in front of the judges' stand, in which the horses are saddled, mounted and paraded for inspection. Though some of the old hands appear to object to this display, it is only a make believe; the devil a one of them but likes to be a lion and astonish the natives with their natty boots and shining jackets. A party of foreigners on the roof of the Royal Stand appeared astonished with the *tout ensemble* of men and horses; two Pagans in red turbans were particularly so, and well they might.

Could Persia with her steeds of a thousand years' unblemished pedigree—Arabia with her desert-born—Egypt with her fiery-footed, have produced one meet to contend with our *Sultan's Son* over his native sod, as to-day we saw him.—But this is from our purpose. The square is broken—canters are performed—legs are stretched, and the word is given—they are off!

Just before starting, I should observe, Pavis declared his horse was broken down, nevertheless he went. The instant they got away the Merlin filly went slap to the front three or four lengths, at very severe running for Glencoe; Bran next, Glencoe and Shillelagh handy, then Forth's, Bentley beaten as they passed the chair, and Pavis working him down the hill as few other men would a horse with fore legs as brittle as tobacco pipes. Pretty much in this form they kept past the Swinly post and down the fall, the pace extraordinarily good. At the turn of the hill, Robinson began to steal up his horse, and at the trees, where his confederate began to cry *peccari*, he took up the running and the lead. In this manner we have them rounding the turn into the straight ground: and here Chifney made his rush, accompanied by Famine, (Forth's winner if either;) but they were at once defeated, the pace here being terrific. Glencoe, Bran, and Nonsense, singling themselves from the rack, the others without a chance. A glance at Robinson's seat, to those who know his style of riding, was enough to tell the result. Next the rails he was skimming light and graceful as "the dolphin from the shark." At the betting stand, John Day brought up Bran with great resolution, and showing his nag a game one to the marrow; but it needed only a slackened hold of Glencoe's head to make him an easy winner by a length—Nonsense about the same distance from Bran, running right honestly, and as it is not always the case, we name it when it is merited—ran in four minutes and a half. The judge placed only three, but as the task is an easy one, 'tis as well to add that Famine was fourth, Shillelagh fifth, Marpessa sixth, Pussy seventh, the Merlin filly eighth, and Bentley boots,—all but the three first sadly tailed.

It was a treat to see them when they returned to weigh, a positive triumph for condition. The day was as hot as Hindostan; two miles and a half had been done at such speed as is rarely to be seen, and no more distress was there than after a watering canter.

Newmarket—The Whip.

October 16, 1835—Free to be challenged for by any horse in the kingdom, entrance 200 sovs., P.P., horses of all ages to carry 10st. (140lbs.) the Beacon Course, (4 miles, 1 furlong, 138 yards.) Lord Jersey entered ch. c. Glencoe, 4 yrs, by Sultan, and the challenge not being accepted, the whip was resigned to him.—Vol. 10, page 486.

Of Plenipo I say nothing, his "occupation's gone!" Either through villany or infatuated stupidity, he is, I fear, lost to the turf. But suppose it possible that a match were made to be run at even weights over any course in the Kingdom, between Touchstone and Glencoe, may I ask what it is imagined the odds would be in such an event? Would any man back the winner of the St. Leger with the fear of a commission of lunacy before his eyes?—Vol. 10, page 67.

In reviewing the racing season of 1834, Craven remarks,—"Be assured *that* son of Sultan and Trampoline is as superior to anything in the North as he has shown himself to most in the South; *only await the result of the Goodwood Cup*, and then if he does not prove himself entitled to the place I give him among the first of his year, as fat Jack says, spit upon me and call me horse. Well, on the day of the race, this same Glencoe, who had been at long odds, was second in the betting, and won all through, hard held, almost in a canter! It is seen at a glance to the nominations, that forty of the best horses in England were engaged in it, and that the pick and choice of them started. Glaucus did not go, his defeat by this splendid colt being as yet *in retto*. The close of the Goodwood meeting was a sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, in which Glencoe beat Louisa, the *second for the Oaks*, and two others, all three running like furies, just in the kind of devil-may-care canter with which *le beau* D'Orsay picks up hearts as thick as blackberries in Regent-street or Hyde Park."—Vol. 10, page 187.

In looking back I find that in my notice of the second October, I have not spoken of the race for the Garden Stakes, which brought together Colwick, Glaucus, and Glencoe, two against one, on the system in school pugilistics—one down, another come on. Precisely in this fashion did this extraordinary son of Sultan defeat Glaucus, who in the summer had proved himself invincible among the best horses of all ages. It would be waste of ink and paper to draw for any class of readers deductions from his performances, such as his have been.—Vol. 10, page 192.

Craven, in speaking of the Derby favorites for 1835, remarks:—Here at the top we have Silenus, an eminence, as I conceive, whence he is soon fated to descend. I do not like his action, he gets too much off the ground for my taste. It will be urged that I have seen him at work with Glencoe; I admit, and I can without hesitation say, *that* is not the most becoming company in which to meet him. Son of Sultan, thou art *indeed* a racer! It is worth a sportsman's while, as they say in Ireland, to take a short stick in his hand, and walk some fine morning over Epping and down to the heath, merely to see him "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" to meet the sun upon Bury Hill.—Vol. 10, page 486.

In regard to the withdrawing Plenipo from the Ascot Gold Cup:—A more interesting event to those who consider the Turf as sportsmen regard it, has rarely occurred, than a contest between two of the most celebrated horses contained in its annals; that Plenipo and Glencoe are such, I take for granted. On Tuesday morning I saw the former take his gallop; I never saw him in such form. Perhaps he had less apparent flesh than in April; but then his muscle was if possible more developed, and he was the reality of the courser, which all may have imagined, but which those who have not seen him have only idealized.... On Wednesday somehow it was whispered he was not to go for the Cup: no reason given; nobody knew where he got his news, but everybody *did* hear it. The horse was in a private stable, and on Thursday morning he was gone.... The horse was lame.—The statement of *one* gentleman known upon the turf, that this was the fact, would have silenced all clamor. He had the diabetes from the heat of the weather and change of water.... The same course would have been effectual.—The horse was amiss.... seeing is believing.—Mr. Batson is a nervous man, and afraid to risk the character of his horse with Glencoe.... Mr. Batson cannot plead ignorance of the conditions of the race being play or pay.—Vol. 10, page 384.

December 9, 1837. JAMES JACKSON & Co.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

P. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
" " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailer.

Dec. 2th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand,
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson.	Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith.	Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.	

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams,	Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland,	Major J. D. Williams,
M. R. Smith,	Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.	

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[82] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r*.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $300; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs.

A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

[n18-tIJ] J. H. OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [n27]

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan	Col. W. Hampton	Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Beebe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [A17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mahomed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ESTESTA, Ga. - - - Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - Jockey Club Races, 29th Jan.
NEWBERRY C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 in h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, S.C. Jockey Club Spring Races, 1st week in January.
" " " Match, One mile and repeat, $500 a-side, Mr. Harrison's *Mexican* vs. Mr. Farrarr's *Uncas*, Dec. 25.
" " " Match, $1000 a-side, One mile out, Mr. Howard's *Churnleg* vs. Messrs. Bracy & Bostic's *Ballpeter*.
ST. MATHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Fall Races, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
TALLAHASSEE, Fl. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th Dec.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - - Match, — heats, $1000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " " Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

FIELD SPORTS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[No. 2.]

There is to be witnessed once every year, about Christmas time, on the larger lake of Marignan, a very curious and animated scene. It is a general and grand battue—a field, or rather water day—against a bird called macreuse, a sort of salt-water bald coote. This bird, which is extremely strong of wing and limb, is gregarious, to the number of tens of thousands, in the locality just mentioned. If not attacked annually, in the way I am about to describe, they would obscure the sun in their flight. The mayor of Marignan—besides the chateau, there is a commune or bourg of that name—publicly proclaims annually to all whom it may concern that, on such a day and the following, there will be given a great chase against the macreuse of sundry lakes, all specially described in the official document; whereupon assemble from all the country round every living wight that can wield firelock, and can muster wherewithal to prime and load it. The belligerents assembled on the lake hire by sixes or dozens, according to their sizes, boats for the day. The whole multitude, if they can be accommodated with transports, embark, under the guidance of the Mayor and his minor municipal magistrates. They form themselves into lines, for the great object is to hem the macreuses in, or to force them to the shore, so as to make them rise and fly over the boats, which they do at so low a height as to bring them within fowling-piece range, and forthwith extensive slaughter begins. It then rains macreuses—they fall from the heavens as thick as quails in the wilderness. But this is the least animated and the least objectionable portion of the business.—Among so large a multitude, even in the coldest clime, there will be many rash and hot-headed distinction hunters, and these, of course, will always be, if they can, the vanmost. At macreuse-shooting they try to be the first to fire at the birds as they are rising from the water, not at all caring about the danger of the thing, to wit, the very strong chance of winging some of their friends in the line of boats opposite. The smell of gunpowder and the smart of gun-shot wounds are no opiates, so that it is not unfrequent to hear a volley fired in retaliation.—This draws forth a reply, and notwithstanding the presence of the Mayor and gendarmerie, the loss of life is often not confined to the feathered tribe. Another source of quarrel is the claim of the two different boats to the honor of a bird—not the bird itself—for they are all equally divided by the Mayor when the day is over. A dispute of this latter nature is not confined to the bipeds of the boats, but is taken spiritedly and noisily up by the quadrupeds—water-dogs of high and low degree—and the latter are many times obliged to turn their attention to fetching men instead of birds out of the water. The macreuse itself, unless to a Russian palate, is an execrable viande, tasting, no matter how great the skill of the cook, rancidly of fish-oil.

The visitor to Marignan will find far better sport than I have yet spoken of, though it be common to the northern countries of Europe. In the marshes various sorts of waterfowl abound, from the beautiful azure-winged mallard down to the dull blue-throated water-rail. But oh, snipe-shooting for me! Snipe-shooting in a wild country, with an intermediate extent of marsh and reeds before you on a clear wintry day! What though you wade it girdle deep in the water all day—better, as you are descending into the brown valley of age, a twinge of the rheumatism than the lime-kiln fire of the gout in your joints!—Strange as may be the assertion, I know of no prettier bird than the snipe—pretty in color, so wild and so russet!—pretty in shape, so slim and so graceful, the antelope of the winged creation!—excellent roasted, super-excellent in salmi, and no better bringer-out of the bouquet of Burgundy! Let me not forget—it is as a-propos—a never failing recipe in the case of maiden eloquence. Young M. P's. preparing for your debut in November, write down this prescription and follow it. I suppose that, like myself, you are really and truly eloquent—that is you could be so, if you had the same nerve and self-possession after you have caught the eye of Mr. Speaker," that you have when addressing, "in your mind's eye," after breakfast of a morning in your study, "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world." I suppose that all you want to give copiousness and clearness to your ideas—not to break down in your flights of fancy—is a little genial stamina—a little something to give you a decently tolerable opinion of yourself, and a rather so-and-so-ish opinion of others—particularly of your audience. Then sit down about an hour and a half before you rise to make your maiden speech, at the Westminster, at the foot of the bridge, and tell Mr. Nicholls to let you have a light first course of his choosing, and for second course (my choosing) a salmi de becassine and a bottle of Chambertin, and I guarantee you that your first essay may be printed side by side with that of her Most Gracious Majesty (if I were her cook, she should on the first day of the session, touch off the same dish), though the virgin honey of Hyola should flow—as I dare say it will—from her young lips!

Sportsmen are not all aware that almost all birds (except those of the gallinaceous species] that breed in northern climates—I include our own clime, of course, among the rest—quit those countries at the first smell of the cold, and betake themselves—though many faint and fall by the way—to the northern shores of Africa. To have any notion of the number and variety of those emigrants one should be, of a clear morning, early in November, at the break of day, with a sharp north-west wind blowing, in the mountain bordering this side of the Mediterranean, whether those of Spain, Italy, or France. What countless travellers! Linnets, larks, finches, buntings, blackbirds, thrushes, pigeons, swallows, red-wings, starlings, fieldfares, and many other birds, whose names I cannot well call to mind, are to be seen in myriad flocks, passing southwards along the mountain gorges and valleys, unwillingly convoyed in their voyage by those fatal cruisers of the upper element, hawks, falcons, kites, and eagles. They do not pass unmolested by man. He ensnares them by wholesale, as they skim along the ground, in nets that are suddenly risen upon them from the summit of some ravine through which they have to pass. Or, provided with half a dozen guns, loaded with heavy or light shot, according to the size of the birds that compose the flock he means to fire into, he lies in wait in a temporary roofless fort, and suddenly rising when a thick fleet is sailing by, he destructively rakes them, fore, aft, and mid-ships. Pigeons—the common wood-pigeons of this country—pass in immense droves, and, not shooting with a Yankee bow, but extenuating rather than exagerating, I have many a morning, within an hour, shot upwards of a sack-full!

The best sport at this period of the year is woodcock shooting. It lasts but three or four days, and if you hit upon a right day, and fall in upon the line or route of those birds, you may kill more of a single forenoon than you would in England all your lifetime. This bird, I should suppose, migrates during the night, and reposes during the day, for he is never seen traveling like quails and other birds I have spoken of. He is found, as in this country, with the help of dogs, lying close, not, however, in moist or marshy places, but among the dwarf-pine woods, or among the mountain brakes. Though a very easy bird to shoot in a low cover, he is one of the most difficult (my immortal friend Paul used to say the most difficult) to bring down among the pines. You must cut him down the instant he rises, or he dodges so quickly, and singularly among the trees, getting their thick and tufted branches between you and himself, that I never saw the gun carry fierce enough (a Keatish expression) to make you sure that you will, though you cover him fully, make him show the white feather of his tail. When you find one of those birds in a gorge, you may be nearly cock-sure that the others are not far off; and it is not an uncommon circumstance to find, for miles along the valley you may be in, a woodcock, every 300 or 400 paces consecutively. I shot one morning and forenoon, 67, and the aforesaid glorious Paul 88. This is the greatest number I ever knew killed in one day by two guns; but a friend of mine, a Basque, told me that he shot, near Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees, 98 in one day, and I believe him.

There is one spot in the south of France that I would recommend every lover of strange sporting and strange scenery to visit. It is a desert; it was formerly covered by the sea, of no inconsiderable dimensions, in the midst of a fertile country. I am convinced that the wildest birds of Africa would breed and derive amid its stones and sands. Over it stalks the wary bustard, the beautiful flamingo, and a remarkably handsome bird of the plover species, called the "gravedoule." "La Crau," this is the name of this sterile plain, contains four or five oases, cultivated and inhabited, which abound in red-leg partridge, and in hares. The latter frequently are found in the plain, and would run away, with cocked ears, from the fleetest braces of greyhounds of English breed. No dog can kill them except the Greek or Asiatic greyhound, a dog not far unlike, as far as color and hair go, our setter, but much taller and finer of limb, and having the soles of the paws covered with hair. It is this latter property, and not its surpassing fleetness, that, guaranteeing him from the stones, enables him to do his business successfully, when an English dog would have his paws cut to pieces. Should any Englishman visit La Crau, let him inquire for the dwelling of M. d'Esmivard, and the name of "Anglais" will be the best possible passport to the keepsake old gentleman and sportman's attentions. He was a faithful and voluntary exile with Louis XVIII. in this country, and now that he is literally once more sunning his noble limbs beneath his own fig-tree, and warming the flow of his loyal blood with the juice of his own vine, nothing is more agreeable to his grateful heart than to embrace any child of the "inviolate Island of the brave and the free." The old gentleman, though he sports no longer, keeps a small sporting establishment for the convenience of his friends. It consists of a game-keeper, several English guns, one a Royal present, which I have shot, with a brace of capital oriental greyhounds, sundry other dogs, among which will be found a pointer, that no human pair of legs, on a dog-star day, on rocky mountains or in stony plain, where there was water or where there was none, tired out. He was, and I hope is, the fleetest, the surest, and the most indefatigable pointer I ever knew. The old man, to the jealousy of his two very innocent and very pretty Ariese nieces, lavishes most of his domestic endearments on a brood of the most ferocious looking ferrets I ever saw. They run over his person, and hide themselves in his bosom, with the fondness and timidity of guinea-pigs, and yet I saw one of these animals, as large as a wild cat, start one day from off his knee as he was sitting at the yard-door, and run up the fore leg and fasten on the withers of a mule, there clinging with the tenacity of a bull-dog. If you are fond of rabbit shooting, the old gentleman will ferret out as many as you like for you from among the holes in his almond orchards, and if you cannot hit them he may take the gun in his hand (he did so once to correct me) and show you how an old French gentleman, the sporting companion of the Count of Artois, can still double up a coney.

Bell's Life in London, October 22, 1837.

LONDON POLICE.

A PIOUS BEGGAR.—The officers of the Mendicity Society brought Sarah Whitefoot, a red-nosed old woman, in rags, before Mr. Chambers, and charged her with being an incorrigible drunken beggar. She had been known to the Society for some length of time as a begging impostor of no ordinary character. Her custom of doing business was to take her seat on the steps of a door in some populous thoroughfare, and by assuming the externals of piety, turning up the whites of her eyes, and adopting the nasal twang "so indispensable to the amateur holders forth who have had *a call*," she seldom failed to attract the substantial notice of humane but credulous passengers.

Mr. Chambers—When do you mean to leave off your trade of begging?

Woman—Ah, I pray daily for grace from above to enable me to leave off all bad habits.

Mr. Chambers—If you are in a state of destitution, why do you not apply to your parish?

Woman—I came out of Marylebone Workhouse yesterday.

Mr. Chambers—Because you could not get any gin there, I suppose.

Woman—No; but because my legs were swelled so that I could not walk. May the Lord soften your heart. May he grant you health, wealth, and length of years, with a blessed assurance of everlasting life when you fall asleep in Jesus.

Mr. Chambers—Halloo, mistress! Why, you seem to be accustomed to preaching.

Woman—It has pleased Providence to visit me with troubles. He has not only swelled my legs, but he has swelled my heart. But we are all poor sinful creatures; none of us are perfect; and though I seek the Lord four or five times every Sunday, yet in his wisdom he chooses to let Satan afflict me with the love of gin, and his will be done.

Mr. Chambers—Yes, your craving for gin is the reason why your legs are swelled, and why you are in rags.

Woman—It is the dispensation of the Supreme Disposer of all events. My family are of the first respectability in Shropshire; and though I am in this state, I have daily proofs of the protecting care of Providence. This very morning a pious old gentleman gave me my breakfast—coffee, muffins, and a little ham to relish—for which his portion will surely be with the righteous.

Mr. Chambers—I shall put a stop to your begging habits for some time, by sending you to prison and hard labor for one month.

CUT AND COME AGAIN.

Much food has been afforded for gossip in Leeds during the last week, in consequence of a report that a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, the rector of a parish some miles from Leeds, and allied to a noble family, had eloped with the butler during the absence of her father. On Tuesday morning, during the absence of the rector with a portion of his family at York, the young lady put into execution a design, long entertained, of running away with a butcher, of near forty, residing in the village, who had formerly filled the situation of butler and footman in the family. For this purpose a chaise had been engaged to wait in the vicinity of the house, and about seven o'clock the lady, accompanied by her intended and a younger sister, who had acted throughout the affair as *confidante*, left home, and passed through Leeds, with the intention of being married, it is said, at Liverpool. Soon after their departure, a friend of the father, thought it his duty to take steps to frustrate the object of the party, and to effect that end he despatched intelligence of the flight to the police at Leeds. Mr. Heywood immediately sent some of his force to the different toll-bars in the neighborhood, and to the residence of the registrars under the New Marriage Act; and he himself, learning that a party answering the description of the fugitives had been seen walking in the direction of Huddersfield, took a chaise and proceeded with all speed in that direction. On arriving near Churwell, he came in sight of a chaise travelling at a very rapid rate. He suspected that the vehicle contained the parties of whom he was in pursuit, nor was he deceived; for, on running up to the chaise (his horse being exhausted), he discovered the two ladies and the butcher. It was in vain that they assured him he was mistaken in his object. Mr. Heywood transferred the ladies to his chaise, and shortly afterwards returned with them to Leeds. In the mean time the news of the transaction had been forwarded to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. ———, who arrived at home in time to meet his daughter on Tuesday afternoon. Of the interview, of course, nothing is known; but, whatever may have been the paternal remonstrances used on the occasion, they seem to have produced but little effect on the lady, for she determinedly told him that she would be married, and on the following morning—measures of detention being useless—she again left home and proceeded to Leeds, at which place she now remains, awaiting the completion of a marriage settlement restricting the property of which she is possessed to her control, when it is understood that her nuptials with the butcher will take place. *The Leeds Times* adds to the above account, that "finding all attempts to prevent the union vain, the father at length gave consent, and we believe the marriage has since been solemnized. The lady is the daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cavendish, Vicar of Kippax, and is not only highly accomplished, but possessed of great personal attractions. The gentleman who has succeeded in gaining her affections is Mr. Lodge, an inn-keeper and butcher in the same neighborhood. The lady is, we understand, possessed of, or entitled to, considerable property in her own right."

WANTED,

IMMEDIATELY, a young Setter Slut, well broke and handsome, for which a good price will be paid. Apply at this office. [d9]

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Cyril John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833. by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1831, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chiasco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian, g. grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g. grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter*, calved June 17th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna. Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $1500. D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered.

Chillicothe, November, 1837. [d9-3t]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn [At26]

I. N. HAYNES & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS, No 66 Fulton Street, keep constantly on hand a general assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and vestings.

☞ Orders executed with neatness and dispatch—*for Cash*. [d2-3t]

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments.]o21-1t]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

A FIRST RATE CLUB BOAT, 36 feet long, nearly new, on an improved model, and very fast. She will be sold low. Terms, &c. can be known, by applying by letter or otherwise, to the editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n25-3t]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—

First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running. On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.

Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

J. B. TAYLOR,
[n18-t1J] POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bul, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $300, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 4, 1837. [n11]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c. Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $250, p.p. in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Cramer names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Ridgeworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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